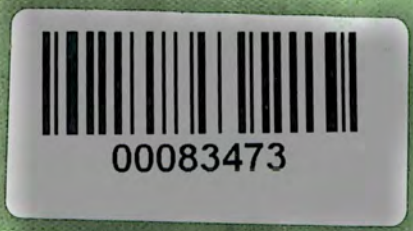
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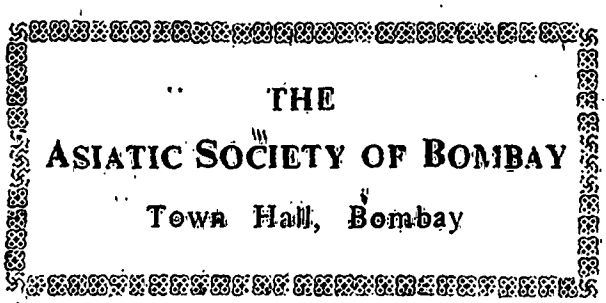

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MOUNTAINEERS OF THE HIMALAYA

HALTING TO SMOKE.

Published by H. Colburn & R. Bentley, 1832

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EXCURSIONS

IN INDIA;

INCLUDING A WALK OVER

THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS,

TO THE SOURCES OF

THE JUMNA AND THE GANGES.

83473

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS SKINNER,

OF THE 31ST REGIMENT.

———Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak.

SHAKSPEARE.

W. 6-20

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

W. 6-20

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LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1832.

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INTRODUCTION.

As the following pages scarcely deserve the important appellation of travels, I am anxious to prevent their being considered as such, by a candid avowal of my intention in writing them.

If certain readers should take up the volumes with the hope of finding a grave history of cities and their people, a regular diary of journeys through such a province, or visits to such a palace, or such a tomb, they will be sadly disappointed. If the name of the Himalaya Mountains should attract others to turn over the leaves in

pursuit of scientific knowledge, and to seek for experiments on the atmosphere, dissertations on the natural productions of this vast range, or calculations on the heights of the various peaks, they will look in vain for such information.

Although, therefore, I may dissuade many from becoming my readers, by a declaration of what they will *not* find, I am apprehensive that it will not be so easy a matter to invite attention by an announcement of what the book *does* contain. I shall, however, make the attempt.

On first arriving in India, I was struck with the air of romance in which every thing seemed to be decked :—the sparkling river, with its picturesque and various vessels, from the rude boat with its roof of thatch, to the golden barge of state; the graceful palms, and the matted villages that they shadowed; the stillness of the pagodas; the men and animals, whose appearances were so new to me; and the aromatic odour shed around by the herbs and plants;—indeed the merest trifle, for a time, was magnified into a most wonderful occurrence; and every scene through which I had to pass

was invested with as much consequence as it would have become Don Quixote to have attached to it. I fancied, therefore, that my personal adventures, even to the "sayings and doings" of those about me, would possess sufficient interest to excuse me for making them public.

But when familiarity had bred some degree of contempt, and the "nothings" that my imagination had so "monstered" found their proper level, I resolved to think no more about them.

When, however, I had been some time absent from the scenes that had made so much impression upon me at first, I found that they recurred to me, "ever and anon," in all their vivid reality. I could not resist, therefore, selecting from my manuscripts such portions as I considered worthy of publication.

I have simply endeavoured to give, as correctly as I was able, a sketch of what every European, in India, is likely to experience; but such as none unacquainted with that country can be familiar with. I hope, however, the pictures I have ventured to draw, if they should not be

considered skilful paintings, will at least be esteemed tolerable likenesses.

With the exception of the mountain tour, the "Excursions in India" contain no very regular journal. The other journeys were taken at different times, and for the accomplishment of different objects; so that, should my narrative possess no other recommendation, it may at any rate claim that of variety.

As the researches of many able men within the mountains whence the Jumna and the Ganges take their rise are already familiar to the public—to all at least who take any interest in such details—I considered it quite unnecessary for me to make any scientific observations. I am only desirous, from the great delight I myself experienced from the contemplation of the extraordinary and inconceivable beauties that presented themselves to my attention, to interest others, who are not likely to witness their splendours.

T. S.

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ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 33, line 5, *for* spangles *read* bangles.

— — 16, line 7, *after* "melancholy," *insert* a comma.

— — 143, line 10, *for* cakes *read* bakes.

EXCURSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage of a fleet from Calcutta through the Sunderbunds to Dinapore.

In the early part of February, 1826, we were ordered up to Dinapore by the river. The Hoogly at this season is too shallow in the upper part of it to allow the passage of large boats, and it was necessary to pass into the Ganges through the Sunderbunds. The noise and confusion upon the embarkation of a single person for a river expedition in the regular course, are beyond all belief; what must it be when a regiment is undergoing a similar preparation? We were encamped on the Glacis of Fort William to the Ghaut side, and were conveniently situated for superintending the opera-

tion. It was a month after the order had been given before the boats could be procured; the officers were obliged to hire their own, but those intended for the men were pressed by the commissariat; and every day, vessels with most unwilling crews were swept up to the point of embarkation. A board of survey sat constantly, to report upon them, and many boatmen were, for the first time in their lives, well pleased at their barks being declared unfit for sea: there was no chance of re-considering the matter, they were off the moment they heard an unfavourable opinion of their vessels.

When, at length, the boats were all ready, the crews were found to have deserted, and an impressment was again to take place. With budgerows, horse boats, baggage boats, cook boats, hospital and soldiers' boats, the scene was the most extraordinary that can be conceived. Every officer had a sort of Noah's ark attached to his budgerow, and the uproar to fill it with its various animals was terrible: unwilling horses, and obstinate cows, with goats and sheep, running in all quarters; men, women, and children, of all colours and costumes; carriages, gigs, palanquins, coops

of poultry, ducks, geese, and turkeys, scattered about, cackling and hissing with all their might, were to be seen in every direction. Until we were fairly launched, I do not think any person seemed to be perfectly possessed of his judgment, for every thing in this country appears to be devoted to the most irretrievable confusion, when a move, or a change of any description, is about to take place.

I can easily conceive why a native army is defeated by so much smaller a force than it is always composed of; if among two or three thousand men only the wildest tumult attends a peaceable expedition, what a scene must a retreat be, when the numbers are swelled to hundreds of thousands! I have seen a dozen natives standing round a cask, their eyes fiery with passion, their voices heightened to a discordant yell, their arms waving about, and every sinew stiffened with rage, because they differed about the best way of shipping it. As the water of the Sunderbunds is salt, and it is not easy to land in any part of them, we were obliged to lay in fresh water as if preparing for

a voyage to sea. It was with great pleasure, indeed, that we received notice that all was ready for departure.

Our fleet amounted to at least three hundred boats of all denominations, from a sixteen-oared budgerow to the smallest that skims the river. We followed in the order of companies, each squadron distinguished by a flag of its own, the hospital bringing up the rear with a broad black pennant. At Kidderpore we entered Tolley's Nullah, which was cut by Colonel Tolley, of the engineers, to connect Calcutta with the Ganges during the dry season of the year; its great utility is amply proved by the revenue it yields to the company, and the immense crowd of boats upon its surface. It was with great difficulty that our long line could pass through it, for we were obliged to follow each other in single boats. The banks are well inhabited on each side; there are many European houses near the canal, too, the gardens of which slope down to its side, where the bamboo droops over the water, with all the grace of the weeping willows over our own streams; the bamboo has,

however, a much darker leaf, and grows more closely together, making, I think, a thicker shade than willows usually do. Nothing can be more beautiful than a sail upon some of the rivers in Ceylon on that account; the one upon which Ruanwella stands winds for some distance among hills which are covered to their summits with wood, while near the bottom of them grows an immense quantity of the most luxuriant bamboo, which gives a dark shade to the stream, that can only be justly appreciated by those who know what the rays of a tropical sun are, when shining upon an unsheltered sheet of water.

A long string of vessels, laden with wood, from the jungle of the Sunderbunds, was moored to one bank, and much the owners of it had to do, to keep their cargoes from being pillaged by the crews of our passing boats, who seemed to think that this was a glorious opportunity for laying in their stock of firing for the voyage. We necessarily passed close to them, and our dandies immediately sprung on board, and seized what wood they liked; the woodmen struggled to recover it, but each boat of the

fleet, as it gained the point of attack, sent forth a reinforcement, and a running fire was thus kept up during our progress through the canal; the people on the shore, who took great interest in the scene, rushed to the banks, and abused or upheld our people according to their own particular callings—the opposition, however, seemed the strongest, and we sailed out of Tolley's Nullah with the cry of "thief" in our ears, for it ran like wildfire along the banks, and whatever point we gained, still the shout of "thieves, thieves," followed us. We did all we could to prevent the dishonour that was pursuing us, but without effect, for the moment we entered our cabins the dandies, who had desisted awhile, sallied forth on their depredations with redoubled vigour. If the wood boats are obliged to pay an enforced tax of this description to every passing boat, they must have a great deal of their labour and peril for nothing.

There is a considerable degree of danger attending the occupation of wood-cutting in the wildest parts of the Sunderbunds, whence all the wood comes. The jungle is infested with tigers,

and many men, I have heard, are carried away by them. We formed so large a fleet that there was little chance of being disturbed by their attacks, although every night we were serenaded by their cries. The Sunderbunds are formed by the deposits of mud made by the river during the rainy season in its progress to the ocean, towards which it runs by innumerable streams. Although a dismal swamp in many respects, all is exceedingly beautiful, and we appear to sail through a flooded forest. There are no houses—no inhabitants, but wild beasts; but it is rich in the most magnificent trees. The natives, who are forbidden by their religion to cook any thing on the water, are forced to dine off parched gram, a description of pea, and used commonly as food for horses; for they dare not venture on shore. Two dandies were reported as missing at the hour of departure on the second morning of our voyage through this dreary region; they were known to have landed, and as they had no intention of wandering beyond the shore, their comrades supposed that they had been carried off by tigers; and indeed nothing is more pro-

bable. This circumstance has kept all the others to their stations, as well as a superstitious notion regarding the wilderness, which they imagine is the proper habitation of the devil upon earth. It is certainly well suited to his evil purposes, but I fear the busy haunt of man has more attraction for the prince of darkness than even this wild, which should be so congenial to his soul.

It is impossible to describe our course through the labyrinth of creeks and lakes; sometimes the trees rising to a great height from the water, rich in foliage and full in blossoms, render it truly beautiful. Our progress through them is very slow and dependent on the tides. The skill of the Manjees by no means accelerates it; we not unfrequently find ourselves in the midst of the wood dismasted by the branches. The pilots seem to vie with each other in steering as close as they can to the point of danger. I was this morning literally whipt out of my bed; the branches of the trees among which we had contrived to get, broke through the Venetian blinds of my budgerow, and, as my boat still moved

on, tore the musquito curtains off my bed, and flogged me out of my sleep. I rushed forth instantly, to resent the indignity, when the gelasies on the opposite side, as we bumped from tree to tree, played like the arms of a telegraph, and nearly knocked me down. When I reached the deck of the boat, the confusion was terrible; I found that almost the whole fleet had got entangled in the forest, the last boats having followed the leading ones, which, mistaking their course, were now obliged to thread their way out. The dandies were mounted on their roofs, endeavouring to cut away some of the branches which were tearing the choppers off them as fast as possible; the vessels were running foul of each other every instant, and many a crash of a broken plank was heard; while the sound of voices, English, Irish, and Bengalee, mingled their discord. The wildness of the scene, the intermixture of the boats, the ignorance of our situation, and the quarrelling of all parties, made really a savage picture. We were at length extricated, singularly enough, without an accident, although many vessels bore the marks of

hard service. The extent of these swamps reaching to Chittagong from Comercolly, the first point on the main river, is so great, and their intricacies so bewildering, that it would be impossible to trace our course but in a general description:

> "Our understanding traces them in vain,
> Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search,
> Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
> Nor where the regular confusion ends."

One of the most striking features in Bengalee navigation is their indifference to running foul of each other, that is to say, as to consequences—for the fellows make a terrible uproar on the approach; they never look, after a collision, to see if any accident has happened, but push on when they have finished their scolding, taking it for granted that all must be well. I had some misgiving of this apathy at first, and examined, as well as I could, the planks of my horse and baggage boat when I perceived that they had been bumped.

At night we were all anchored in clusters, as close together as possible, and at every action of the tide were huddled still closer. We fortu-

nately had very fine weather, and the moon shone upon us each night. Our boats were so entangled that we appeared to form a mass of cottages that had been swept away in a flood, to which the woods around, half buried in water, added a stronger resemblance. With fewer trees, such might a village of Egypt seem during the inundation of the Nile. The passage was much more tedious than a sea-voyage of double the time.

It was not till the thirteenth day that we were able to land, as long a time as might have carried us from England to Gibraltar. The first habitations we reached were the salt-factories of the Company, salt being a most productive branch of their revenue. The country, although clear, was still wild and dreary; a few huts were scattered about, whose inhabitants gained an uncomfortable support from their own exertions. I observed no cattle, and the poor cottages rather heightened the desolation of the scene, as a single tree in the desert increases the feeling of solitude. After passing the salt station, we crossed a little stream by Gopaulgunje to Colna, thence wound away past Mahmudpore and

Bosnah, till we arrived at Comercolly, the rivers upon which those places stand are so winding that we often appeared to be sailing on a lake perfectly land-locked; and on one occasion we went literally round a basin formed by the singular wanderings of a river. Their banks are not very thickly inhabited, although they flow across the Delta of the Ganges; the villages are merely of mats, with a few palm and plantain trees about them.

Comercolly is a very extensive silk factory, and a great many people are employed at the work; the skeins were all spun and the workmen were employed in winding them off. Under a long roof was a line of coppers full of hot water, in which the silk was placed with reels attached to each, and the winding was managed with more celerity than I have seen it either in Italy or Sicily. In the village were a few brick houses whitewashed, but the streets generally were composed of huts of mat very neatly thatched, and so clean, that I could scarcely fancy they were really occupied. They seemed to be placed there as models, and re-

minded me of some scenes that I have witnessed in the commencement of a pantomime before the "conjuration dire" takes place, that changes their whimsical inhabitants into clowns and harlequins. Comercolly, however, is even superior in picturesque effect to such scenes.

Soon after we quitted this place we experienced the first north-west gales, and were destined to meet with a return of them every evening for at least a fortnight; they always prevail in the month of March, at the 10th of which we had arrived without seeing the Ganges. The hurricanes are magnificent, both in their approach and retreat, but somewhat uncomfortable during their operation. Our boats were moored on the first night we experienced one beneath a high bank of soft sand, that threatened every moment to fall upon us; wherever purchase could be found for a rope one was fastened, so that the vessels were in a line, and made fast from every possible quarter. The sky had been some time darkening; we were prepared therefore for the onset. Clouds of dust announced the approach, and filled our budgerows and the thatched boats, which rocked

up and down as if they had been at sea, and bumped each other at a most alarming rate. The boatmen and servants were all drawn up in front cooking their food, "thinking no evil," when the storm burst; their fires were soon extinguished, their cooking pots overthrown, and their clothes and turbans cast down the wind: every one rushed on board as well as he could. It blew tremendously, and a violent storm of hail accompanied the wind; the hailstones were as large as hazel nuts, and rattled upon the roof of my budgerow at a rate that made me fear it would be beaten in; heavy rain and the loudest thunder succeeded, while the lightning played so vividly about our thatched boats, that they appeared to be on fire. It was dreadfully dark, but the bursts of fire from all sides lit up our situation splendidly. The lightning did not appear to break from any one quarter of the heavens, the whole firmament was flame! it seemed to open every moment and disclose a sheet of living fire. Many people were not able to reach their boats, and were seen clinging to the posts to which they were moored

in perfect despair. Now and then the cracking of a rope and the breaking away of a boat from its fastenings added to the confusion; several got loose and drifted into the middle of the stream; the natives screamed for assistance which could not be granted, for no one could tell precisely where they were driving to; every description of thing seemed to be travelling down the wind, hats, turbans, loose straw, broken cooking pots, lighted wood, and even fragments of the cooked messes. It is a complete tragic-comic scene. It generally lasts in full force about half-an-hour, and then dies gradually away, leaving the lightning, which melts into a soft blue flame, to flicker on the masts of the tossing boats for some time longer.

In the neighbourhood of Comercolly I perceived a number of large birds, storks apparently, from which I fancy the feathers are obtained that are made into muffs and tippets, and sold as Comercolly tippets in the bazaars at Calcutta; they are not unlike those we used to call Paddy birds in Ceylon, from their being always seen about rice fields, not, as an Irish soldier once imagined, from any rela-

tionship to the Emerald Isle. As our boats must now be towed, we find it extremely wearisome indeed. Sometimes we can only make three or four miles a day, calculating from the position of the leading boat at starting, and the last when halted. What can be more "melancholy slow," than a string of three hundred vessels following each other round the windings of a river, bumping constantly against the banks, at the rate of half a mile an hour, the shores either covered with reeds so high as to prevent the possibility of seeing over them, or being shelving banks of white sand, dazzling the eyes, and flying like powder before the lightest breeze, at this season of the year, when the water is at its very lowest? Such are generally the varieties of the scenery.

On entering the Ganges, which we did soon after passing the village of Jellinghy, standing upon the river of that name, I was not impressed with the grandeur of its appearance, for it was yet very narrow. It undergoes a great change however in the space of a few months in this very spot: now the water is so shallow that even our light vessels are frequently

aground. My budgerow, which is of the common size, draws two feet of water, and it, as well as most others, stick in the mud at least once a day: the dandies instantly jump out and push them through it until they are afloat again. I have seen, at least, five hundred boatmen in the water at a time, struggling to get their boats off a sand-bank; they are indeed completely amphibious; and such a circumstance, with their shouting and screaming, gives a degree of animation to the scene that is quite delightful.

The first place on the Ganges that we halted at, was Bogwangola, a very pretty spot, where, on a wide plain, there were a number of mat huts, and a quantity of natives idling about them; its neighbourhood is thickly wooded, and it is esteemed a very fine sporting country. On the evening we arrived, we heard the sound of the gun, and heard that some Europeans were beating the jungle for deer, and probably for tigers. This country is, I believe, considered very famous for wild hogs, &c., as boar-hunting is one of the favourite diversions of the East; it is at this

season of the year, "par excellence," the cold season, very much frequented by the lovers of this sport.

There are always a number of dull sailors in our fleet: it is frequently, therefore, several hours after the anchoring of the fleet, before the whole regiment arrives at the station for the night. The boats are moored in a line in their proper places, and immediately afterwards all parties scramble on shore, to rest themselves, by walking about; for the accommodation in the soldier's boats is singularly circumscribed. I do not think they have the breadth of a foot apiece, in any one of them; and the sick men in the hospital are little better off: the situation of these last is very bad indeed. They occupy the same description of boats as the healthy, with a few inches more room. These boats are similarly thatched, and enjoy the same noise that the others do. When the surgeons attend, they cannot stand upright; neither are they very well able to see, even in the day-time, so little light can gain admittance; and what is still worse, so little air. I wonder the government has not

adopted a better transport for the sick Europeans, who indeed, in no place that I have yet seen, are so well considered as they deserve to be. Budgerows, properly arranged as wards, where their cots might stand as they do in an hospital, would not, I should imagine, be more expensive than the close and clumsy country boats. A budgerow of the same draught and tonnage would contain double the number that one of the present conveyances does, and might always be clean and well aired. I may be wrong, but I have never visited a sick boat on the river, without being deeply impressed with its great want of every thing that in this country tends to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers.

One of the hospital boats, on the night of such a storm as that I have described, broke from its moorings, and drifted to the opposite bank of the river, from which it could not be recovered until next morning. It had lost almost all its thatch, and the rain poured through in torrents. There were seventeen men very ill in it; and eight of them died long before the passage was finished, although at the time there was no cause of ap-

prehension. I do not think this would have happened with a more suitable vessel.

I was much struck with the apathy of my boatmen, this morning, when a smart breeze was carrying us merrily up the river: it was a pretty sight: we were all scattered about a much wider surface than we had yet had an opportunity of sailing upon, when suddenly one of the soldiers' boats upset: it was immediately in front of mine, and there was quite room enough to have taken in sail in time to have brought me gently up to them. My dandies sat quietly on the deck, smoking, without either informing me, or attempting to move towards them. I was sitting in my cabin, and did not know their state, till I perceived it through my windows. The roof was floating above the water, and men, women, and children were clinging to it. As mine was the nearest vessel, they must have been in despair on seeing me float carelessly by them. I ran to the deck, and was obliged to beat my people into action. Before we could take in sail, however, and put about, we had gone a great distance; and other boats coming

quickly up, rendered my aid of no use. There were seventeen Europeans, with four women and a great crowd of children. Only two, however, were drowned, who had not the patience to wait to be picked off the wreck. In attempting to swim ashore, they were swept away by the stream, which is exceedingly rapid, and lost. I asked my boatmen why they had not endeavoured to save the party; but with true Moslem indifference, for they were all Mahometans, they shrugged their shoulders, and answered, "What is it to us?—it was God's will." It was blowing very fresh at the time of the accident, and an order was given to take in sail, and continue easily. The construction of the vessels is so awkward, that I wonder they are not more frequently capsized. It makes one nervous to watch them in their course while under sail; they seem to have no seat on the water; and the sails are so flimsy, that they do not buoy them up in the least: the unwieldy roof catches the wind, and appears to sway all. From Bogwangola, until the blue hills of Rajmahal appear in the horizon, the scenery is dull and uninteresting. We

were never able to choose the spot for halting at, so much were we dependent upon the shallows and windings of the river. Sometimes we were fastened to a bank, so soft and high, that it was with difficulty we could climb up to its crest, and then we found the ground covered with reeds, that grew to such a height, as to render it impossible to thread our way through them. A worse situation, however, we were often doomed to experience, by the edge of a low, sandy bank, near which the water was too shallow to permit us to come within one or two hundred yards: we were forced to wade through the water, or be carried by the dandies, to their very great diversion.

The sand was white and soft: it dazzled our eyes in the day-time to look upon it; and in the evening, if we sought a walk, we sunk nearly to the knees in the performance. These low banks, along which our boats stretched for an amazing distance, were intersected by creeks and bays, which in a great measure prevented communication. Some one boat was often left forlorn by the point of a peninsula, at the time the

hot wind was blowing the sparkling sand about, so as to make it a service of danger to reach it.

We were in too great a crowd to have much intercourse with villages, or their inhabitants; and indeed our anchoring in the neighbourhood of one, was a signal for all its people to take to flight. "Sauve qui peut," seemed to be the universal cry; for men, women, and children, were seen scampering, in all directions, from our vicinity. I must confess that, in appearance, we were very formidable and appalling; but, in reality, I am happy to say, quite the reverse. The men of course would not be permitted to offend in any way against the natives, even were they disposed to do so, which I do not think they are. After the panic has a little subsided, the people return with great caution, surveying our movements with as much jealousy as they would the recreation of a herd of tigers: and it requires a great deal of boldness in the women, to bring their pitchers to the streams, or a great deal of curiosity; for many a sidelong glance, from the drapery that should conceal their faces, declares their natural wish to see and to be seen.

In the early part of our voyage, one afternoon, a little before dark, while we were standing in a group by the banks of the river, a large deputation from the boatmen, with downcast eyes, and cringing figures, their hands joined in a supplicating position before them, drew towards us, as if some most important representation were to be made: the great body of the dandies, their constituents, followed at an humble distance. An old man opened the case, and complained, in bitter terms, how every day their meals were destined to pollution! "Whenever we sit down to eat our dinners," he continued, "the 'gorelogue' (the white men) walk carelessly by; not only cast their shadows over them, but absolutely touch them with their feet! We are defiled!" he exclaimed; "Ghureeb pur war! the poor man's provider; we are your slaves, your children; you are our fathers and our mothers!" This oration was taken up by all the men around him; and the great body, which had now drawn closer to us, listened with interest to the conversation. No one, I hope, would be inclined to ridicule preju-

dices, sincerely adopted, however absurd; but it was difficult to refrain from a smile at the fear of starvation they so eloquently described, from our own accidental contact with the rim of a cooking pot. They were soon relieved from their apprehensions, by an assurance that the men should be cautioned not to approach within a defiling distance of their food. I do not think the men very clearly understood the objection to their baneful touch. "For sure!" I heard some say, "I would not eat his nasty mess, if he would pay me for it!" And when one of the boatmen broke the dish which a soldier had touched, and threw its contents, his only food, into the river, they were indeed struck with wonder. "Do they put tricks upon us, with monsters and with men of Ind?" seemed a riddle, that all were anxious to have solved.

These poor people dine under the same alarm that the Trojans felt from the Harpies; they know not when their meal will be taken from them: to hesitate between sin and starvation is a sad matter for a hungry man! They generally prefer the latter alternative; and

would, I firmly believe, rather die than break one particle of the outworks of their creed: the main points they are as prone as their Christian brethren to overlook. A friend of mine paid a visit to an acquaintance, on board a ship lying at the Sandheads, and took his Sirdar with him, a most scrupulous Hindoo. Very violent weather came on soon after they had boarded the vessel, and they were not able to leave it. Intending only to remain a few hours, the native servant had carried no food. Nothing, however, would induce him to touch a morsel on board; nor would he drink a drop of water. The storm continued some days, and he was nearly starved. He lay on the deck, in the most miserable plight. The sea was too rough to catch fish, the only food, of all they had, not forbidden. At length the wind abated, and a fish was caught: with all the good-nature of a sailor, a midshipman ran to him with it—alas! his touch had polluted it, and the Hindoo scorned it; and even if that difficulty had been overcome, as he had no strength to cook it himself, he could not have touched it. He was left, therefore, to perish in his delusion:

but, fortunately, before he was quite gone, his master was able to leave the ship, and he was carried, wretchedly ill, to Calcutta. The instant the boats are moored, the boatmen and servants, amounting to several hundreds, arrange themselves in groups, in one general line, and light their fires, and cook their dinners. Nothing can be more animated than the scene; and as the night sets in—for we usually take up our ground a little before dusk—our position is plainly traced, in all its windings, by the blazing fires.

On the branches of some high tree in the neighbourhood, the sacred animal is doomed to fall, for our profane appetites. The butchers, who are positively a frightful race, carry on their operations by the flames of a large fire, beneath the boughs on which the carcases are hung; while the jackals, who have been lured from afar by the smell, yell with delight at the prospect of a feast. Vultures, of two or three descriptions, sit pondering their chances in the distant trees; and dogs sneak up from the villages. Never can the habits of the two nations be more strongly contrasted:—the simple fare of the Hindoos, by

which they sit, trembling lest we approach it too near, stretching their hands over it, and warning us, with a most imploring "Sahib!" to let them feed in peace; and the really savage scene that is acting beneath the trees, the bright flames of a fire, that from its size resembles a pile for sacrifice, casting their light upon the fierce countenances of the butchers, who, stripped naked to a small cloth about their loins and smeared with blood, seem to take thorough pleasure in their office.

The beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Rajmahal was delightful to us after the long and dreary voyage to it. We anchored close to the ruins of its palace, the building of the Sultan Sujah, and took possession of a marble chamber that overhung the river. We had the advantage of a moonlight night, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene: I may say, as Sir Walter Scott sings of Melrose Abbey:

"If thou wouldst view fair Rajmahal aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

* * * *

"When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory."

The room in which we witnessed the "cold light's uncertain shower," was of white marble, inlaid with Arabic characters of black; it was of a good size and in a perfect state, standing about fifty feet above the river, and looking upon the distant hills. This is the only part of what must once have been a very large palace, now remaining entire; the rest is made up of ruined halls and chambers, the latter, as they generally are in native buildings, however grand, small and low. Some of the band, inspired I suppose by the scene, had carried their keyed bugles into its deserted halls, and by their sound converted it almost into a scene of romance. The river in the rainy season sweeps close by the ruins, and adds materially to their beauty. At this time the water is low and quiet, the palace is within a wilderness—from without it appears embosomed in trees. The town of Rajmahal is situated at the foot of the pass of Terriagully, which leads over the mountains.

The next place we anchored at was the base of a hill called Parahatta; many caves are excavated in its bosom, and near its summit stands a

temple, to which a winding path leads through a tolerable wood. From the summit of this hill there is a very magnificent prospect; to the south are extensive plains covered with cattle, and the north is bounded by the hills of Rajmahal; the river winds below; at the foot of the hills are deep and variegated woods, and some white bungelows, belonging to indigo planters, shine from among them.

We halted a night at the village of Siclygully and at Pattergotta, both delightful places; thence the river winds beautifully round a wooded hill to Colgong. This is the first part of the river in which I have observed rocks, which, in many places, particularly at Pattergotta, extend some way into the stream. We had a gentle breeze to carry us past a rocky island in the centre of the river opposite Colgong, and as our various little vessels crept quietly from behind it, as it were, one by one, and then stretched over the surface of the stream, they formed a scene of beauty not often met with in the tame and nearly unvarying voyage of the Ganges. We are generally apt to associate safety with river na-

vigation, if there be no other advantage attending it, but this is not a constant companion here; the cooking boats—very essential ones by the bye —being the smallest, are frequently in imminent peril, and two or three have been completely lost. Our floating kitchens indeed afford considerable inconvenience; they are much slower sailors than the budgerows, and it is not unusual for a hungry party to wait in anxious suspense for hours before the lagging dinner can reach it. Our budgerows are sometimes able to gain the northern side of a broad creek while the cook boats stick in the sand in the southern; the only consolation to be found is in a view through a telescope of the curling smoke which should be from the fire that is cooking your dinner. I should be sorry indeed to be the captain of one of these essential attendants. Their masters, whose anger is quickened by hunger, are not prone to listen patiently to the excuses that they may make for not arriving in due time, and woe betide the man who rules the roast of an epicure.

The hour of breakfast is an animated time; it happens usually when in progress, and when

under sail the khitmutgar of each vessel stands on the poop and calls with a loud voice, "Hazree lao!" while the sails are shortened: the call is soon answered from the cook boats, whose crews strain every nerve to reach the destined point, cheering themselves with a wild song, "Hazree lao;" the last word sustained till the breath fails, echoes along the banks as loudly as the muezzins call to prayer, and frequently with as much sweetness.

It is now the month of April, and we have entered the province of Bahar, and have certainly left the greatest beauty behind. The villages of Bengal are more picturesque, and surrounded by a greater variety of oriental trees and plants. It is easy to perceive a change in the people very soon after you quit Rajmahal; they are of larger stature and more manly in their appearance, are to be seen tending their cattle with large sticks, and preserve a gravity of manner that gives them an air of great superiority over the Bengalees, among whom there is generally a fawning manner and effeminate figure, to which the mode of dressing the hair, and the

fine muslin robes of the men, give them additional title. The women have altered their dresses too; in Bahar they are more generally clad in blue cotton, in Bengal almost always in white; the rings and spangles with which they are decorated, are as numerous and as heavy in appearance, however, as those of the former province. During the last month the festival of the Hooli was performed, to celebrate the arrival of spring; and although by the banks of the river, away from any town, its votaries were not the less gay: the tom-toms which had been kept close until then were dragged out, and very soon announced their presence.

It seemed to be a period of universal licence, and the great humour of the carnival consisted in their pelting each other with red powder, which was moistened for the occasion. Every person who passed within reach of a handful was sure to obtain it; and towards the evening, when a great many had forgotten the temperance of the Hindoo, parties bathed from head to foot in blood, as it seemed, wandered about the banks to sprinkle all who had not yet been sufficiently

coloured; while others sat in groups singing and drumming most vehemently. It seemed as if they had a just right to scatter it over all things as well as persons, and the servants ventured to perform the ceremony to their masters' boats, and to seek presents by offering the same courtesy to their clothes. The European soldiers, who are always ready for such amusement, were nothing loath to share in it; and, for the few days it lasted, we appeared to be a camp of savages.

In the beginning of April we began to feel the hot winds. As we were completely novices in the East, we had not prepared against them. It is impossible to conceive any visitation so severe; they generally begin about ten o'clock in the day, and blow sometimes so violently, that we are not able to advance, while moored perhaps to a low bank of white sand. The heat is so excessive, that it is misery to move, yet the budgerows rock so violently as to prevent the possibility of being still a moment. Clouds of sand drift about and enter our rooms at all quarters. The miserable natives sit without,

quite overcome, to be powdered by them as they fly. All has so withering an aspect—the earth so dry, the trees so blasted, and the people, like faquirs whitened for penance, seem to have no life in them; all natural moisture locked up, they appear as if suddenly turned into stone like the inhabitants of the enchanted town on the coast of India, in the Thousand and One Tales. It sets the teeth on edge to look at them.

Without tatties to temper the air, the cabins of our boats are like furnaces; through every crevice the hot sand pours in; my table would serve for the desk of an Indian school, where the scholars might find ample dust to trace their letters in; every thing I touch grates from the sand. If I venture to look out, the wind is like the breath of a volcano; my hair almost pricks my fingers as I touch it, so dry that "each particular hair does seem to stand on end." Towards the end of this month these winds blow strongest; it is difficult to conceive the arid aspect of the country during their prevalence; we can fortunately not judge by any of the changes that take place in our own green fields

or "good green woods." They cease about the beginning of June, when the earth is relieved by a slight fall of rain, which lasts ten days or a fortnight; an interval of most oppressive heat then occurs, when the periodical rains begin their course; before the first fall the earth is as parched as the desert; large fissures present themselves at every thirty or forty yards; the rivers are at their very lowest, the tanks and lakes nearly dried up, or choked with sand; there seems to be no vegetation, as if such a season of rest had been purposely designed for nature, in order that it might gain strength for its luxuriant productions through the remainder of the year.

This period is not unhealthy when proper precautions are observed; but situated as we were, constantly exposed to its influence, it could scarcely be otherwise; so before we had reached Monghyr, where on the 20th of April we arrived, the cholera morbus broke out in our fleet and reduced it terribly. Many of the Europeans died as well as the natives, and no evening passed without a funeral. The dandies were either thrown overboard or deposited by the

banks of the rivers to feed the vultures and the jackals; our own men were more decently buried in such graves as could quickly be scooped in the sand. Towards the end of April the disorder assumed a more alarming appearance, and every hour somebody was seized. Each officer was provided with a mixture, the principal ingredients of which were laudanum and brandy; and, in order that no time might be lost in making for the hospital boats, every vessel on board which a man might fall sick, was desired to bear down upon the nearest budgerow for assistance, when a wine-glass of the cholera mixture was administered.

It was a melancholy sight to see five or six boats at a time draw out of the line and hasten towards the nearest officers in their rear! The moment the draught was received the disease in some measure seemed stayed, and the sick boat dropped quietly down to the hospital. It never was considered contagious, nor was any precaution used to separate the affected from the healthy; and we did not find that the remainder of a boat's crew was seized in consequence of any

one of them having been attacked by it. It committed its ravages indiscriminately through the fleet. A native on board my budgerow died of the complaint in the course of a few hours, and although all the others were lying around him, it was not communicated to any of them. It has always seemed to me to be confined to particular spots; during the month of October, while we were in Fort William, the men who occupied one end of a lower room in the barracks were seized with it, while in every other part of the building they were perfectly healthy. This room had been undergoing repair, and was not properly flagged; the upper one of course was boarded: this circumstance proves it to have been entirely local; for there was a constant intercourse between all the parties, and it was not conveyed to the other quarters. It at length became general in the Fort, which at that season of the year, the period of the breaking up of the rains, it usually does.

A regiment of British soldiers on its march from Berhampore to Calcutta, halted one morn-

ing in the neighbourhood of a morass, and in a few hours afterwards several men were attacked with the cholera morbus, always the attendant evil of such a place; the commanding officer immediately struck the camp, and moved to about seven miles further on; here the ground was drier and clearer; the sick men recovered, and there was no further appearance of the disease. I am not very certain what the opinions of the faculty may be in the East, but as no precautions are taken against contagion, I conjecture they do not consider them necessary.

I shall never forget the afternoon of our arrival at Patna; the cholera had been raging some time amongst the native population, and all the dead bodies seemed to have been placed on a clear spot without the city, and under the walls of some rich man's palace.

The hot wind blew very violently, and we were long within sight of this place without being able to reach it; the water was very low, and several dead bodies that had been washed from the bank by the river were stranded on the shallows in its centre. It was the 1st of May

and corruption was most rapid; every breath of the sirocco blew poison; the scene was indescribable; bodies floated sometimes against our boats, for they were nearly all aground, and remained under the bows for an hour at a time, while others swam uninterruptedly down the stream, with flocks of birds upon them; little could be heard but the noise of the vultures tearing off the flesh with their beaks, while the crows jangled in their quarrels for the morsels that fell from them.

About sunset we reached the shore, but alas! could get no further than the burial-ground, along the edge of which we were obliged to moor. It was strewed with skulls and "dead men's bones," and the air was pestilence itself. The jackals and the wild dogs skulked away from the mangled limbs as we approached, while the vultures, the very sight of which speaks of the charnel-house, rose from the half-eaten body, and hovering for a moment above it, like evil spirits, descended to the completion of their horrible repast. There were a great number of the Hargila large storks, known by the name of adjutants in India,

from their measured step, stalking over the ground; they are always close attendants upon Europeans, and had come from the station of Dinapore to share in the feast that death had prepared for them; their "stealthy pace" seems well suited to a churchyard, over which, to their designs, they move like ghosts. There is something truly harrowing in the appearance of these gigantic birds in the twilight, or "the pale moonlight," knowing, as we do, the object of their ravishing strides.

All night, for we were forced to continue all night in this spot, the howling of the jackals was tremendous, and even the fires that were lit up by our numerous followers did not seem to scare them; there must have been thousands collected. So wild and so extraordinary a scene I never before beheld, and so uncomfortable a one, to some of the senses, I have no desire to see repeated. In so large a population as that of Patna any infectious disease must make great havoc, but especially such a one as the cholera morbus, against which there seems to be so few human remedies.

At daylight, on the 2nd May, we towed past the city of Patna, at the time its crowds were assembled on the Ghaut to bathe. The most animated scene possible is a native beach covered with bathers, as well as people of all descriptions; there were cattle, horses, and elephants; the latter, lying on their sides while their drivers rubbed them all over, appeared to enjoy the luxury beyond all around them. In the afternoon, we had the good fortune to complete our voyage on the Ganges, which occupied the very worst season of the year for such a trip. During the rains, when the water is higher, is certainly the most agreeable time for the excursion, but the most disagreeable event possible I shall ever consider the necessity of passing the months of of April and May upon the river Ganges.

CHAPTER II.

A Trip to Delhi, with some Sketches of its passing Scenes.

I ARRIVED at Delhi in the spring of 1828, and although it has been so frequently and so well described by others, there is something so attractive in the royal city, that I should pay it but an ill compliment if I quitted it without saying something of its beauties. Having sent my tents on the day before, I entered it at daylight by the Cashmere gate; the very name has poetry in it, and would tempt me to speak of the Mosque of Pearl and the Gardens of Shalimar, even if I had not an inclination to do so. There is so much in an eastern city to astonish the eye and to excite the fancy, for it is impos-

sible to pass through its streets without having the Thousand and One Nights constantly in the mind, that I despair of giving anything like a matter-of-fact description. When I see a veiled damsel passing through the bazaar with a porter at her back, I long to be included in her train, that I may hear adventures as singular as the stories of the Calenders, and the Ladies with the Two Black Dogs.

There is too much reality, however, in the ruins of former magnificence scattered around, to permit the imagination to enjoy too free a play. Delhi presents but a sad skeleton of what it once was. It is still worth seeing, and must possess a high interest for any traveller. It has been in considerable bustle during the two last years at this season, from the visits of the governor-general and the commander-in-chief. These circumstances, though apparently trifling, have been of much importance, as they have given "the unkindest cut of all" to the poor representative of the Great Mogul, in obliging him to forego some arrangements of etiquette in his reception of the former. Earl Amherst was the first British

governor that had paid a visit to the emperor, because he was the first to whom permission to sit in the presence had been conceded. The last of the House of Timour felt this indignity greatly, and is said to have shed tears when he saw the English ruler seat himself before him, and tremble for his throne, which he feared would certainly be invaded. I am not surprised that such inconsiderable matters should have affected him so much; all his power being gone, he had but the appearance of greatness to delude him with the belief that he was still a king, and that taken from him was enough to make him weep.

The Great Mogul has now no power but within the walls of his own palace, and that palace stands like a monument in the midst of the city, to show where all the glory and splendour of the East lie buried. However advantageous to humanity the present occupation of the East may be, it is a melancholy thing to see a long line of kings overthrown, and mosques, tombs, and palaces, showing a determination, as it were, not to survive it. Few countries have undergone more revolution and invasion than

India, and always from merciless conquerors (except in the last instance). Many Mussulman cities, formerly of great consequence, are now, as if the living had abandoned them to the dead, only discovered by the decaying tombs of their former inhabitants. Hindoo cities that have dwindled away to little villages have not that mark even of their original grandeur—their burial rite soon puts an end to all tales.

I approached the city from the east bank of the Jumna, and in crossing that river had a magnificent view of mosques and minarets glittering in the sun, and tombs embosomed in trees, not unfrequently overrun with ivy, and presenting more picturesque appearances, in a state of decay. The domes of the mosques and many of the tombs are covered with gilded metal, and shine most brilliantly. I found my tent pitched immediately under the castle walls, and opposite the Chandery Choke, or principal street. I was in the centre of bustle, but smothered by dust and tortured by flies. It is impossible to convey an idea of the numbers of these insects, and the intolerable nuisance attending them;

they are quite enough to keep you in a perpetual fever, and I have not yet arrived at that state of dignity or luxury to enjoy the constant attendance of an automaton, with a feather-fan, to keep my august person from being offended by their approach. I have frequently been amused by the unconsciousness of the men whose duty it is to procure a "gentle air" for their languid masters, or to exercise the more exalted office of controller of flies about the person; they stand like statues by your side, their arms waving the fan up and down as if they had been set in motion by machinery. They often fall asleep in their office, but continue to perform its duties as if they had been wound up for a certain time. If you move from your position, though scarcely awake, they continue to follow you, and it seems as difficult to throw them off, as it was for Sinbad to release himself from the old man of the sea.

These, and a few other miseries, have procured for the East the reproach of luxury. I do not mean to vindicate it, but if it be true, we may indeed exclaim, how wretched is a life of luxury! We might, I think, abstain

from such enjoyment without assuming great merit for self-denial.

The palace walls are very high and built of granite, the red colour of which gives a singular appearance to them. They are surrounded by a deep ditch, and have two very magnificent gates. The interior possesses many vestiges of its early splendour, but mingled with so much shabbiness and dirt, that they afford more melancholy than agreeable reflections. The space within is very great, and has all the bustle of a little town. I had not the good fortune to be present at the visits of state that occurred between the commander in chief and the emperor, but there was in consequence an unusual collection of great men in the city, and as my position commanded an admirable view of the principal thoroughfare, I enjoyed the scene amazingly. This street is more than a mile in length and very broad; it is divided by what was once an aquaduct running through its centre. Here are the principal shops, and here is the principal throng of people. The houses are two and sometimes three stories high, and being extremely well whitewashed,

serve admirably to reflect the rays of the sun, and punish those who venture to pass them at mid-day.

Generally in the towns of the East the streets are very narrow, and little better than dark passages. In Grand Cairo, if you unfortunately meet a string of masked beauties upon donkies, you must make a rapid retreat, or resign yourself to be squeezed to a mummy against the wall, for daring to stand in their course, if your curiosity should tempt you to do so. The Chandy Choke, in Delhi, is, however, a great exception to this rule, and is perhaps the broadest street in any city in the East. The houses in it have occasionally balconies in front of them in which the men sit, loosely arrayed in white muslin, smoking their hookahs; and women, who have forfeited all pretensions to modesty, are sometimes seen unveiled, similarly occupied. The din of so populous a place is very great, for every house seems as well furnished as a hive of bees. The population is nearly 200,000 souls, in an area of seven miles in circumference, which is the extent of the wall of modern Delhi. The great peculiarity

of an Eastern town is, that every thing is done in public: the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner: the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of cart wheels, and the "clinking of pewterers' hammers," for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of each shop, are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noises of the elephants, with the groaning of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard or a cheator, (which animals are led about the streets hooded to sell for the purposes of hunting,) with the unceasing beat of the tom tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately nervous person to desperation.

Among the natives of Mahometan towns, there seems to be a familiarity of manner that places every one in a moment at his ease. If a stranger enter the town and find a group engaged in any amusement he will not scruple to join it instantly, and take as much interest in its pursuit as if he

had known the members of it all his life; and then, perhaps, tendering his pipe to one of the party, or receiving one from it—a sure sign of intended hospitality—sit down and relate his history with as much frankness as if he had met a brother. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different-coloured curtains hang before the doors; variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging clothes, particularly scarfs of every hue, pink, blue, yellow, green, and white, on the tops of the houses to dry, make them look as gay as a ship on a gala-day with all its colours flying.

The clouds of dust from the number of equipages, with the insects that surround the pastry-cooks' shops, are the most intolerable plagues of all. The rancid smell of the nasty-looking mixtures that are constantly in course of manufacture before you, with the general stench of the town, is a sign that it is seldom indeed that a "musk caravan from Koten passes through it." I think, in the Arabian Nights' Entertain-

ments, there is a story of a princess threatening to have a confectioner beheaded, if he did not put pepper in his tartlets. However despotic it may appear in this lady, I cannot help thinking it a just satire upon the pastry of the East; for to season it out of all taste of its own fundamental ingredients, is the only way to make it palatable. This cook, I think, nearly fell a martyr to the honour of his profession, and refused to be dictated to; and I do not believe any thing would induce his brethren of the present day to improve their confectionary.

Riding through the town requires much management, and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push and kick the whole way to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at these last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons which simmer, on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often; and the elephants, in at-

tempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion. In one of my strolls through the city on horseback, I was nearly swept away by a species of simoom, caused by the progress, through the dusty town, of some important personage travelling in state.

When overtaken by such a storm, it is a long time before you can recover either your sight or position. The idle cause of all this tumult was reposing quietly in a shining, yellow palanquin, tricked out with gilt moulding in every possible direction. He was preceded by a large retinue of strange looking beings, mounted on horses and dromedaries, and dressed in the most fantastic style. The animals were covered with scarlet housings, bound by gold lace, their bridles studded with shells; round their necks were collars of gold or silver, with little drops hanging to them, that kept time most admirably with their jogging measure. The camels were likewise adorned with bells.

The riders were in large cloth dresses, caftans, reaching from their necks to their heels, open only

on each side, from the hip downwards, for the convenience of sitting on horseback. These were fastened round the waist by a cotton shawl, either of white or green, in several folds. The common colours of the coats were red and yellow. A scimetar hung by their sides, and they bore matchlocks upon the right shoulders. A helmet, sometimes of steel, and sometimes of tin, pressed close to the head, in shape not unlike a dish cover; a pair of jack boots reaching to the knee, and fitting quite tight to the leg; the loose trowsers gathered above giving to the thigh the appearance of being the seat of a dropsy; and a pair of spurs, resembling two rusty weathercocks, completed the equipment of these splendid retainers. Then followed a mass of servants on foot, some naked, and some with their limbs bare, and bodies covered. They carried sheathed swords in their hands, and shouted out the titles of their lord, at frequent intervals, in their passage through the city. They were followed by the stud, each horse beautifully caparisoned, and led by a groom: then came the elephants, with their showy trap-

pings, gilt howdahs, and umbrellas of gold or silver tissue. The palanquin, bearing the owner of these motley assemblages, at length appeared, and he was followed by a guard similar to the one that preceded him.

At a distance these processions look very grand, particularly the elephants and their castles; but, when near, there is a great deal of tawdry and ill-assorted tinsel.

The horsemen of the party add greatly to the interest of the scene, by exhibiting their evolutions upon the line of their route. Some tilt at each other with their spears; and others affect to pursue, with drawn swords, the runaways of the party, who in their turn chase their followers back into the ranks. In the management of the horse, and the use of the spear, the natives are generally very skilful; but some of the irregular cavalry of the country excel all belief in these exercises. They will gallop at a tent peg, stuck firmly into the ground, and divide it with the point of the spear, not abating their speed in the least; and I have seen a troop of men, one after the other, break a bottle

with a ball from their matchlocks, while flying past at a racing pace.

The Mahometans of the neighbourhood of Delhi are, I think, a fine-looking race of men; but have something so debauched in their appearance and reckless in their manner, that a stranger is not likely to be favourably impressed by them. The contrast between a Mussulman and Hindoo village, which, in travelling, frequently present themselves alternately, is very striking. The mildness of the one party, with the impudent swagger of the other, show that they never can, as indeed they never do, assimilate. Where the same village is inhabited by people of both religions, they occupy opposite portions of it: and the circumstance may always be known by there being a well at each end of it; for the Hindoos would not draw water from the same fountain as the Mahometans, for all the wealth of this world.

Delhi, ever rich in showy figures and prancing horses, is particularly so at this time. Princes and ambassadors, in their most magnificent state, are constantly passing and re-passing: and while I sit in the door of my tent, observing them, I

almost feel giddy with the confusion. A great concourse of merchants is attracted to the town by its being so full; and their assiduity in recommending their wares it is difficult to overcome. As most places are open, they invade you at all times; and in the course of a few hours, you may compare the produce of every quarter of the globe, as it lies spread before your eyes. The labour of packing and unpacking their goods seems to them to be a real pleasure; and it is in vain that you assure them that you do not mean to buy, for they will not forego the gratification of expatiating upon their excellence, with the probable triumph over your resolution, in at length persuading you to purchase.

The goldsmiths of Delhi are considered very excellent, and its embroiderers are famous over all the East. There is a constant intercourse between Cashmere and this city; and the plain shawls are often brought here to receive rich borders of gold or silver; and I believe they are highly esteemed by the natives when thus adorned. I do not think, however, to an European taste, they are improved. I could not

avoid regarding those men, who had just arrived from Cashmere, with a considerable degree of interest—albeit they plodded their way from that delightful vale, without one thought beyond the bales they carried. Any thing approaching to a real connexion with a land, that has always seemed to me the creation of poetry or romance, gives me the greatest delight; particularly as it is, in some measure, put without the reach of an European; the jealousy of the government of Lahore rendering it extremely difficult for a servant of the East India Company to cross the Sutleje, the boundary of the two states.

No description of buck is more entertaining, or more vain, than a Mahometan one; and, in truth, they have much more in their outward finery to be proud of, than we have in the sombre-coloured dresses of Europe: the caparisons of their horses, too, are so superb and various, that they have a great field for exercising their taste upon them.

When a youth of family is fully equipped and mounted for the course, he shows most plainly, by his air and manner, that he is, in his own

opinion, all in all; the fashion of his turban, and the curl of his moustache, are evidently the result of great pains. The horse is covered with costly trappings; and what little of his natural coat can be seen, is as sleek as possible. His tail is long and sweeping, and his mane plaited with the neatest art, having points of silver to each length, to keep it in its place. He is taught to caper, to turn, and to plunge; and is constantly exercised in these accomplishments, particularly when in a crowd; for the great ambition seems to be, as with beaux of less showy exterior, to attract attention, and create a sensation; and, as the scattered foot-passengers are seen flying in all directions before him, he is certain to attain his object.

It would seem absurd, if a stranger were to be set down in London, and describe the equipages as they passed him. I find I am doing very much the same: but if the ordinary scenes were like the processions on a coronation day, he might be justified. Delhi, at this time, presents as grand a spectacle every moment; and some stentorian voice, roaring out a string of

high-sounding titles, generally ending with the imposing one of "Commander of ten thousand horse!" constantly rings in the ears, while, probably, the sum total of his cavalry is prancing about him at the time, two or three hundred at the utmost.

The great ceremony of a state visit consists in an interchange of presents; the proper quantity or expense of each being always settled previously, according to the rank of the visiter. To an individual, a royal introduction is rather an extravagant affair. According to your rank, you must present, on making your bow, a certain sum of gold, which, on being touched by the king, as a token of acceptance, is borne away by some attendant for the benefit of the "privy purse." Four gold mohurs, or eight pounds sterling, were the price of such an exhibition to me. It gains the pleasure of a hasty view of the court and no more; and I hope it is no offence to the majesty of Delhi to say, that it is scarcely worth the money. If a sovereign be too much plagued by crowded levées, what an admirable mode this would be to limit the attendance!

After the palace, the most magnificent building is the Jumma Musjeed, or principal mosque. It stands upon a rock, and is ascended by two fine flights of steps. The area is very great, paved with marble, and has a fish-pond in the centre, supplied with water from a well cut out of the solid rock. Towards the east is the place of prayer. It seems to be generally crowded by beggars and travellers, and has many recesses round it in which they can obtain shelter.

The tombs in Mahometan countries are generally devoted to the use of travellers, as sometimes the porches of the temples are. No other nation, in the manner that theirs has done, has contrived to combine charity to the living, with a monument to the dead. The Mahometans, if they can at all afford that compliment to the departed, erect tombs over every one of their relations; from the simple white grave-stone, with a turban at the head of it, to the splendid mausoleums that now lie in ruins on the banks of the Jumna. Some rich men generally bequeath a legacy, to sink a well, form a tank, and plant a cluster of trees, in the neighbourhood of their

burial grounds, as if to attract future generations to visit them, that they may not fall into decay: indeed, in considering the comforts of travellers, the Mahometans are more essentially hospitable than any people on earth. They deem it very meritorious to bestow their wealth on useful works for the benefit of their fellow-creatures; and, in their ideas, none can be of greater advantage than those that give shelter, and satisfy thirst, in a scorching climate. The many excellent tanks about a city, and the wells throughout the country, are generally the result of private charity. On the right bank of the Jumna, from Agra to Delhi, there is a well at every ten or fifteen miles apart, made at the expense of a beautiful princess, the celebrated Nour Jehan, I believe, who was distressed to find that there was so little comfort for poor travellers on the route, when she was journeying, upon one occasion, between these two cities.

The great adorner of Delhi was the prince who has left so splendid a trophy of his love on the shores of the Jumna at Agra, in the Tauje Mahal, the celebrated Shah Jehan. He built

the principal mosque, and made the beautiful gardens of Shalimar, and a great part of the city, the wall of which he also erected, with its seven gates. The gardens of Shalimar were the most splendid in the world, and are said to have cost a million of money. If this magnificent prince had left no other monument behind him than the glorious one to the beauty of his wife, he would have been sufficiently admired. The effort of his love is never likely to be excelled, and whether his Nour Jehan was the most lovely creature in the world or not, his determination that her tomb should never be rivalled is not likely to have been made in vain. In every direction within the limits of the city are visible, gardens, mosques, palaces, and tombs, in ruin, and falling to ruin; for now that the glory of the east has passed into other hands, the posterity of those who consigned such superb records to their care cannot afford to keep them in repair.

The burial-grounds, at a little distance from the towns, are always romantically situated;

sometimes the tombs, overlooking a well-built tank, afford shelter to those who choose to come and meditate on its banks; and sometimes entirely covered by trees, give a deeper shade and greater quiet. Mahometan devotees are frequently found in their neighbourhoods. I met a man in the mosque to-day, who had earned a subsistence by lifting the veil off the tomb of a saint at Futtehpoor Sicra when any great person came to visit it; for this pious office he received two rupees a month, but had begun to find out it was a tiresome life, however meritorious, and was anxious to become my moonshee.

Generally, there are no inscriptions upon the stones, but when they do occur, they consist of well-selected texts from the Koran, and in that respect resemble our own churchyards, the moral warnings of which, I have no doubt, are as seldom attended with advantage. I have heard of a very simple epitaph on a tomb to Gonah Begum, a princess celebrated for her talents, which stands in the midst of a garden laid out by the Emperor Aurengzebe, at a village in

the province of Agra. It is equal to Sterne's "Alas! poor Yorick," and much before it; it may dispute precedence too with the "Alas! poor Yorick," of Hamlet; it is simply this: "Alas! alas! Gonah Begum!"

The Mahometan conquerors seem to have preferred the shores of the Jumna to the Ganges for their principal cities, and they have even erected one on the most sacred spot, as at Allahabad. The rites of the Hindoos, however, still go on, and the towns are known to them by their holy names, in spite of the high-sounding ones of the faithful. The river, although not so easily navigated, is perhaps more convenient for the purpose than the Ganges, from its being less wide, and not so liable to overflow its banks.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Delhi—The Floating Wreath—Description of a beautiful Festival, with the story of its origin.

On the 1st of April, I struck my camp in the royal city, and passing again through the Cashmere gate, proceeded to cross the river to the left bank of it. The boats for such a purpose are very convenient, and in some of them, camels, horses, goats, sheep, servants, and baggage, were all huddled together. In travelling in this country we make a most patriarchal appearance; and although the roads have but little to interest us in our progress, with so numerous and so motley a party we are never likely to be at a loss for amusement. It is singular how soon you are in perfect retirement after quitting

the walls of the city, and it is the same with regard to every town in the country. There is no suburb without the walls, and you might fancy you were drawing towards a deserted city till within the gates, when you are as suddenly in the midst of crowd and activity as if you had dropped into a bee-hive.

On stepping out of the boat, I observed a wreath of flowers that had been driven to the bank by the current; on attempting to pick it up, I found that it was attached to a little raft that had been upset. Remembering the custom of the Hindoo women, when their lovers are absent, which has been alluded to by Moore in the prose part of his "Lalla Rookh," I conjectured immediately that some forlorn damsel had been driven to despair by the shipwreck of all her hopes, in the frail bark before me. It is too interesting an event, in the absence of other adventures, to pass over quickly, and I have determined to take advantage of it in describing a ceremony, supposed to originate in such a custom, which I witnessed not long ago near the city of Moorshedabad. Cards of invitation were issued

by the Nuwaub to all the servants of the government in the neighbourhood of his palace, of which the following, to myself, may serve as a specimen:

"Most benevolent Sir; the delight of your friends; health to you!

"The anxious wish I feel to see you surpasses all expressions in writing. The desire of my heart is, that you will come into the fort on the evening of Friday next, in the month of Sufur Moosufur, and partake of an entertainment and supper it is my intention to give. Make me happy!

"May your hopes always be gratified!"

This invitation was written upon beautifully glazed paper sprinkled with golden stars, and well perfumed with attar of roses. It does not often fall to my lot to be invited in such flowery terms and I place great store by the royal mandate. I went up in the morning by the river, and passing the city, visited the preparations for the ceremony —a peep behind the curtain which, in matters of oriental finery, had better be avoided. By night, and at a distance, as every thing is constructed for effect, such scenes have a most imposing ap-

pearance, and the person who can look at them without thinking of fairies and genii must be wofully matter-of-fact indeed. I fancied I was enjoying some festival in the best days of Bagdad or Damascus. The pipes, the carpets, the ottomans, the dancing girls, all combined to favour the belief.

About eight o'clock at night I left my boat at a ghaut in front of the palace. In a clear space on one side of it several tents were pitched, very gaily decorated and brilliantly illuminated. Many of the company had assembled here, and the dancing and singing had commenced; the Nuwaub himself was just descended from an ivory litter, cushioned with crimson velvet and fringed with gold; large golden tassels hung from the corners of the pillows, and the poles which rested on the shoulders of his supporters were similarly adorned. A handsomely dressed servant bore a large umbrella of silver tissue above his head; its handle was of gold and the stick was ivory and silver. Many servants bearing sticks of silver and gold, preceded him among whom were some whose duty it was to proclaim his titles, a ceremony that was per

formed at intervals throughout the entertainment. He took his seat in a handsome chair at the head of the chamber, when he received a richly gemmed hookah, placed before him on a green velvet carpet, splendidly embroidered with gold. His mouth-piece glittered with diamonds, and his fingers shone with amethysts and rubies. The person upon which all this finery was lavished, was short, ill made, and coal black; he had the features of a negro, and possessed neither dignity of manner nor an easy address; his expression was coarse and sensual; his eye without intelligence, and his whole appearance denoted any thing but one of "gentle blood."

The floor was spread with a Turkey carpet, and European couches and chairs were placed around. The poles of the tent were dressed with flowers, and lights hung in festoons from one to the other. The dancing girls, with their assistants, the musicians, (if I dare give them that name,) were scattered in groups about the place. In every direction was heard the tinkling of their silver ornaments as they moved in slow and graceful circles, and at every point were seen

their variegated forms gently waving like a garden of tulips before the "sweet south." They were dressed in little jackets of white, open at the bosom and hanging loosely over the hips, with a pair of silken trowsers, red, or more frequently of plaid, of various bright colours, made extremely wide and almost concealing their feet, which, "like little mice peeped in and out," each toe ornamented with a silver ring, hung round with little sounding beads. Upon their ancles were large circles of silver with the same pendents, which are generally attached to all their decorations, and on which they exercise much ingenuity to make them chime with their motions. A red gauze petticoat with a deep binding of silver, made so large as to hang in many folds, was fastened round the waist by a silver cord with large tassels at the ends of it, and a scarlet or green drapery or veil, with borders of silver or golder fringe, passing over the head and falling across the bosom, hung in a point to the ground. From behind this screen they performed all the "coquetterie" of their dances, which indeed is all the dance seems designed for;

covering the face with it at one moment, the head turned with a languishing air on one side, then drawing it away with an arch smile, and darting the glances of their dark eyes full upon you. After coming forward a little distance, their arms moving gracefully in concord with their feet in a species of "glissade," for all their steps are sliding, they sink suddenly and make the prettiest pirouêtte imaginable; their loose petticoat thrown by a quick turn out of its folds, and borne down by the weight of its border, encircles them like a hoop; they gently round their arms, affect to conceal their faces behind their screens of gauze, and then rising, bridle up their necks, as conscious that they had completely overcome you; their eyelids are always touched with antimony, which adds very much to the languor of their expression. They have armlets above the elbow, and bracelets from the wrist to where the arm begins to swell; around their necks are innumerable necklaces; a golden clasp with drops to it is fastened to a lock of hair which hangs down the forehead and nearly joins the brows; a small round piece of dark enamel

studded with spangles is pressed upon the division of the eyebrows; a large ring with a small jewel in it hangs from one of their nostrils, reaching nearly to the chin; they have rings in their ears and on their fingers, and a small mirror about an inch in diameter attached to a thumb-ring, completes their adornments. Their nails, both on the toes and fingers, are stained a pinkish colour with the juice of the henna.

The musicians who accompany these dancing girls are a debauched looking set of fellows, who beat the tom-tom and play on the most common Hindoo viol. They stand in a row behind the dancers, and not content with their instrumental noise, vociferate with all their might in concert with it. The singing of the women was lamentable enough; the great merit seemed to be who could shout loudest, and so equal were their talents that it would be difficult to adjudge the prize. With the exception of the well known Persian air, "Tauza, Tauza, Nuo bu nuo," they have very few good songs. They possess such admirable lungs that they are able to continue without diminution through a long night;

their screeching notes break in upon all conversation, and come upon the sense with so little harmony, that it is difficult to avoid rushing into the street with both your hands to your ears—an action which I detected myself performing much more frequently than my politeness justified.

About twelve o'clock it was announced that the festival was to begin, that the Bhearer was about to be launched; we adjourned in consequence to the palace. It is situated close to the bank of the river Bhaghirathi, a very holy branch of the Ganges, which breaks off from it at a place called Cossy, about forty miles above Moorshedabad, and mixing with the Jellinghy, flows past this city and Hoogly; there adopting its name, it runs by Calcutta to the sea.

The palace has two stories, and in the verandah of the upper one we assembled to witness one of the prettiest sights I ever beheld. The opposite side of the river was lined by a wall of bamboo, having towers at its flanks, and, at intervals between them, they were illuminated with many lamps of the talc, stained with a variety of colours for the purpose; it was intended to re-

present a fortress, and rockets were occasionally thrown from it. The side on which the palace stood was also illuminated, and as the fireworks were let off they threw their light upon many thousand spectators. The river is here about a quarter of a mile broad.

A loud shout suddenly drew our attention to a spot above the stream, where the river makes a graceful wind to the right hand, widening till it approaches the palace. A number of small lights covered the surface of the water, in which the populace seemed to take great interest; they were on little floats about a foot square, and more numerous than can be imagined. When they flowed near enough, we perceived they were decorated with flowers. At length a large raft, nearly occupying the breadth of the stream, made its appearance, and was hailed with a deafening acclamation; it was a fairy palace, and I attributed its erection to the genii. Aladdin had been rubbing his wonderful lamp. The raft was composed of plantain trees tied together; it formed a square surrounded by a wall; in the centre of each face was a

magnificent gate made of various coloured talc, and so richly illuminated as to exhibit more hues than the rainbow; at each angle were large towers similarly made and lighted; on the tops of the wall were pale blue lights, and lamps of all colours hung in festoons about it; in the centre rose a splendid structure also of talc, resembling a Chinese pagoda in its shape, and so brilliantly lit, that it would be impossible, unless all the colours of nature could be wrought into one picture, to portray it. On passing the palace many rockets were thrown from it, which were returned by the fortress on the other side: an interchange of fireworks was thus kept up for some time, that might have passed for a mimic engagement. The tom-toms and the singing rose to the highest pitch, and almost drowned the loud huzzaing of the people.

A turn in the river in about ten minutes concealed the magic building from our view, and it seemed to sink as suddenly as it had arisen. I have heard several origins for the ceremony; but as doctors differ, I may venture to adopt the one that pleases me most. It happened while some

Hindoo beauties were practising the pretty mode of fortune-telling, the allusion to which led me into the description I have just completed, that the king of Bengal was crossing the river to his palace, which was considerably below the position they had chosen to watch the vessels of their destinies, his boat upset, and being an expert swimmer, he was able for some time to keep himself above water. It was so dark, however, that after many fruitless searches for their master, his attendants gave him up to the Ganges. They could not see, and were returning home to lament the loss of the king, when suddenly the river appeared illuminated, and the servants beheld him in the last efforts of his strength. A number of little lights were floating safely down the stream, promising happiness to all parties; for the king was rescued, and the damsels received a favourable omen, from the steady progress of their barks. In gratitude to the custom that thus saved his life, the king established the beautiful ceremony of the Bhearer, for that is the name which it has received.

CHAPTER IV.

Meerut—The Begum Sumroo—A Nautch—Fire-works—Preparing to march—Scenes in a Camp—The Sick Master—A Choleric Traveller—Some words of Thieves and Thieving—Elephants—Horses—Smoking.

WITHOUT passing any place of importance worthy of notice, I arrived, on the 2nd of April, in Meerut, from which place I had set out for Delhi, the largest military station in Upper India. Here every thing is too like England to require description. The houses are all excellent, there is much agreeable society, and the climate, for six months, as delightful as can be desired; balls, plays, and races, form the amusements, and are always admirably managed, and continue uninterruptedly throughout the cold weather. The lovers of the drama are not always able to see feminine softness depicted in as touching a

manner as they may wish; for it often happens that Lydia Languish possesses the dimensions of a grenadier, and the Romeo, who must bear his gigantic Juliet from the tomb, should have the strength of Hercules at least.

The great advantage of this station over those below it is in the excellence of its gardens. At this season of the year strawberries, grapes and peaches are ripe and in great plenty; the former grow here perhaps better than in any part of India, and I think fully as well as in Europe. The favourable season for them being but short, it is not easy to have a succession, and as they are all ripe within a few days of each other, many of them must be lost.

The military cantonment is some distance from the native city, and is spread over a large extent of ground. All around the country is a perfect plain. A very handsome church, the bungalows of the officers, surrounded by gardens, and occasionally shrubberies, with the barracks of the men, are the only objects that appear on its surface.

The principal building between those occupied

by the troops and the city, is the residence of the Begum Sumroo, a most celebrated and extraordinary lady. She is, I believe, eighty years of age, and in possession of more acuteness of intellect, and readiness of action, than any woman ever enjoyed. She was in her youth a celebrated beauty, and a dancing girl at Patna, when she captivated a Swiss adventurer in the native service, whose name has been corrupted into Sumroo. She has been the principal actress in many a strange scene, and on more occasions than one has placed herself at the head of her troops to lead them into action. Many of the stories told of her are so terrible, that I hope they may be, if not quite false, very greatly exaggerated. She obtained so great an influence over her husband, that he swore he would never survive her, and if any accident should cause her death, the moment it was reported to him should be his last, for he would instantly put an end to himself. She determined to take advantage of the oath her fascinations had drawn from him, and being anxious to get rid of him, drove him to commit suicide.

In the course of a march that they were making together at the head of their army, her palanquin being some distance behind his, she desired some of her people to surround her and burst into loud lamentations, while she directed others to rush in a frantic manner towards her husband, waving a bloody scarf, and cry out, "The Begum is dead! she has killed herself! the Begum is dead!" The unfortunate husband no sooner heard it than he put his rash vow into execution. When the Begum learnt that he had killed himself, she rose from her palanquin, and mounting on horseback, galloped up to her troops and desired them to obey her, for Sumroo was no more!

She is a very diminutive figure, and does not bear much of her commanding disposition in her outward appearance. She mixes a great deal in the society of the Europeans, and is indeed a Christian. She has built a handsome church at Sirdhana, the capital of her territory, and keeps a Roman Catholic priest, an Italian, in her household. I do not think his situation likely to be very agreeable; for I understand she

not long ago discharged his predecessor for presuming to censure some crime that she had committed.

On occasions of ceremony she is always present, and is handed down to dinner or to supper by the highest officer of the party; and, if one might venture to caricature so august a procession, it would afford no bad subject. A woman of little more than four feet high, considerably bent by age, with a plain white muslin scarf about her shoulders, and in a pair of silk trowsers, leaning on the arm of a splendidly dressed figure, surrounded by his brilliant staff, forms as ludicrous a contrast as can be imagined.

A few nights ago she gave a magnificent entertainment, at which a supper was laid out in tents in her ground, and fireworks were exhibited while we sat at table. The amusements within the house were the singing and dancing of the native women; they were in greater number than I ever had the misfortune to see them before; there were parties of them in every room, and in one particularly, which was not larger than twenty feet square, not less than

fifty were collected at one time, singing in concert in a frightful manner. The music of a forge with a thousand hammers at work would be delightful harmony compared to these scenes. The first burst of fireworks causes the greatest confusion. The visiters generally leave their equipages in charge of their servants, standing in the compound, as an enclosed space is termed in Bengal. The natives, always indifferent to the future, fall asleep and leave the horses to take care of themselves. The first flash sets them off in every direction; horses, gigs, and carriages, with elephants and palanquins, are at once hurled into the most inextricable mass; the horses, delighted with their liberty, show it in fighting, their shrill neighs giving audible intelligence of their warlike occupation.

The grooms, roused by the uproar, run half mad about the grounds, bellowing to the utmost of their strength. This din cannot fail to call their masters to the scene, who rush forth scolding and beating every unfortunate fellow that falls in their way. The fire-works still go on, crackers, squibs and rockets shooting through the confusion. The ladies

at length are drawn into the riot, and while the whole scene is lit up by the exhibition still in active play, instead of meeting for amusement, it seems as if some terrible calamity had called the inhabitants to one spot to perish in the flames.

It is a long time before order is restored, and it frequently happens that some of the horses have quietly returned home of their own accord, leaving their masters to get out of the fire as they can.

On the 3rd of April, having despatched my tents previously to the city of Muzzuffer-nuggur, I set off towards the fair of Hurdwar. As nothing can be done in the East without talking, so from the violent manner in which that is done, every thing appears to create confusion. The simple matter of loading camels, which the men engaged in have been exercising all their lives, seems to give them as much difficulty in the outset of a journey as if they had never before attempted it. One or two of my camels were rather young, and required more attention than usual perhaps, and by the uncomfortable sensa-

tions they displayed at their burthens, I expected to see my goods strewing the path on my way to the first day's encampment.

The beginning was attended with a disaster that did not promise much better. It was with some trouble that the drivers succeeded in making the camel kneel to receive its load; two large cases were suspended on each side, and on their tops, across the animal's back, was a coop full of poultry: as if that were not enough, the servants had swung pots, pans, and gridirons around its neck and about its flanks. When it arose, the jingling motion of the kitchen affairs, with the cackling of the poultry, seemed to astonish it not a little. It thrust out its long neck, and looking piteously for assistance, set off at a canter, with ten times the noise that had frightened it before. The uproar might well have confounded a more practised and discreet animal. Endeavouring to pass under a tree, as I anticipated, the whole load came to the ground, with the exception of the hen-coop, which stuck in the branches; and having some of its bars broken, liberated its prisoners. A general pursuit, with

the usual shouting upon such occasions, took place immediately, and it was some time before all the runaways were collected. Once more arranged, however, they proceeded on their way, and in the afternoon of the 3rd I arrived at the camp, which was pitched in a fine clump of trees on the right of the road, and within sight of the town of Muzzuffer-nuggur.

A large party were assembled here on their way to the Hurdwar, and it presented a busy scene, as such an encampment always does. At the further end of the tope in which we halted, is a tribe of native horse-dealers, who have been leading their animals through the country for sale, and are now on their way to the annual mart. They take advantage of our neighbourhood to show off their cattle, but without any success. It is not an easy matter to make a good bargain with these gentry; they possess tricks that our jockies would never devise. I remember a pony being brought into our camp for sale, in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, and it appeared so gentle that several were anxious to purchase it: it was tried by every one, and in every way,

and was pronounced the most tractable of his race. It was bought, and in two days afterwards there was not a man in the camp that could ride it. It had been drugged with opium, and although the most wicked and obstinate creature that I ever saw, the dose that had been administered to it had perfectly subdued its vice for the time. An encampment in India is so picturesque a scene that it is impossible to refrain from attempting to describe it.

On the 4th we concluded our day's march within sight of the city of Deobund, and the spot we selected to pitch our tents upon was by the side of a clear basin of water beneath the shelter of some very large peepul trees; at a little distance from our ground are several avenues of trees as regularly planted as if they had formed the walks of some garden whose beauty has now passed away. In the branches are many birds, among which the chattering of the parrot predominates; for in a wild state, as well as in a civilized one, they seem to have more to say than any of the company they happen to be among. There are a few tombs, enclosed by a low wall,

and nearly concealed by trees and the various species of creepers in flower, that wind in all directions about them. A few faquirs halting on the road to Hurdwar, are sitting disconsolate within the shadow, and some of my followers, who meditate dining in solitude, are kneading their cakes and kindling their fires close by their sides; an operation that must be tolerably trying to their constancy, if fasting should happen to be in the catalogue of their self-mortifications.

The elephants and camels are in possession of the avenues, the former engaged in whisking the flies from their bodies, with branches that they wave around them, with their trunks; the latter, as patient as possible, crouching on all fours in the singular position they generally lie in. Many fires are blazing, and savoury messes are sending their steams through the air. From the great variety of castes and tribes into which our followers are divided, the dinner parties are as numerous as in the coffee-room of a modern club-house, and without the cold formality of the little tables. Groups of three or four are scattered about, preparing or enjoying their

simple meals; the Hindoos with their brass vessels of water by their sides, their heads bare, and their bodies naked, their constant mode of dressing, or rather undressing, for dinner, are beating out their dough with their fists, and exerting themselves in the work as if the power of eating their cakes depended upon the exercise they take in the cookery.

In the neighbourhood of the horses, which are picqueted in lines beneath the shadows of the distant trees, the grooms are engaged in their repasts, while the Mahometan servants, whose duty it is to attend to the meals of their masters, are busily occupied in preparing more substantial fare. What a striking contrast do the different modes of life, now collected before me, afford! and what a strange and unaccountable variety of human character, and of human weakness! Within sight of each other are the two extremes of taste—those who would rather perish than eat meat, and those who would most probably perish, if not permitted to do so. What a singular position must a reflecting Hindoo consider himself placed in! We exact from them implicit

obedience to our commands; and they render it cheerfully at the very time we are doing what is most odious to them—devouring the carcase of the animal they venerate! We must be in their eyes unclean, beyond the powers of all the waters of the East; and yet they are our humble slaves. With all this too they will throw away their meals, and hold it perdition to feed on them, if we do but touch them, by accident, in passing.

On first arriving in India, the European, who has never inquired into the customs of the natives, must fancy that he has reached a shore of madmen—for to perfect strangers they are a little ultra in their prejudices, and affect many scruples, for the sake of making an impression, that are not exacted by their religion. On visiting a sick friend in Calcutta, who had not long arrived in the country, I found him nearly exhausted on his bed, while a servant was bowing and cringing at the opposite end of the room, with the most grotesque assiduity. By the bedside was a little table with a tea-cup upon it.

"Help me, my dear fellow!" gasped the sick man, as I entered, in the most ludicrous tone of

despair; "can all this etiquette be necessary to remove a tea-cup? Oh, the splendour of the East! the splendour of the East!" I found that his bearer had been endeavouring to make him understand that he was not permitted to touch any thing that his lips had polluted, and had therefore declined to take away the cup he had just been drinking from.

There is a policy in this affectation of rigour before strangers, in which I think they generally overreach themselves. They hope, by establishing so many forbidden acts, to have less to do, and gain themselves a high character for honesty by showing themselves rigid in their religious duties. The youths to whom these hypocritical gentlemen fall, are seldom disposed to balance matters long, and without stopping to conjecture what may give rise to the absurdities, confute them by a species of argument that they are not often inclined to try the force of a second time. I am alluding only to the worst description of servants, who hang about the Ghauts at Calcutta, and attach themselves in such a manner to the new arrivals, that it is nearly impossible to shake them

off. When once established in the country, the followers that a kind master has about him, are honest, and I think much attached to his person and his interests. I, at least, for we should all speak from our experience, have found it so.

There are few people on the face of the earth about whom strangers differ so much in opinion, as the natives of the East. Doubtless our own dispositions weigh much more in the scale than we are ever likely to allow; and without showing any very violent partiality, I may venture to say, that in half of the cases where they are condemned, something wrong will be found to exist in the tempers of the judges. Some men assume, at once, that every native is a rogue; and I remember hearing of an officer, who had a custom, whenever he called upon his servant to render the accounts of his housekeeping, to place a large cudgel upon the table. It proved, I have no doubt, an admirable controller of his expenses:—"What is the meaning of this?" pointing with the finger of his left hand to the figures, with his right resting upon the stick—was the question, and accompanying action, at every item—"A

mistake—an error in the bill!" and the terrified attendant agreed, in trembling, to whatever diminution his master desired. That person could hardly be supposed to allow any merit to the servants over whom he thought himself obliged to establish such a reign of terror. The slight appearance of ill-humour—it may perhaps proceed from their apathy, which the men who are so treated display immediately after—speaks highly in favour of their dispositions.

On sailing up the Ganges, my boat happened to be moored by the side of a large budgerow, in which a somewhat choleric gentleman was, as I conceived, at rest; all his boatmen and servants, to the number, I dare say, of twenty-five or thirty, were sleeping, rolled up in their white shawls, upon the roof of the apartment in which he was lying, which rose like a poop above the deck. It was a beautiful night, and in the neighbourhood of Colgong, one of the most romantic parts of the river. I was seated on the deck, although it was past midnight, enjoying the scene, when my contemplations were disturbed by an unusual splashing in the water. On turning in the direc-

tion of the noise, I saw the unfortunate men leaping and tumbling into the river from the boat of my passionate neighbour, who was standing like a madman on the deck, brandishing a stick over his head. Never shall I forget the scene. He was not unlike Lieutenant Lismahago in his appearance. The moon lit up his bald head, for he had thrown his nightcap at one of the people, in a rage at not being able to reach him with his stick; and while he stood in the midst of the wild scenery around, with nothing on but his shirt, dispersing the sleepers, I would have given the world for Smollett's pen to have perpetuated the scene.

The boatmen, who are always expert swimmers, and did not seem to lose their presence of mind by the sudden transition, very soon reached the shore, and gazed in astonishment, as well as myself, at the comedy in which they had taken such unexpected and conspicuous parts. I conceived some terrible offence must have been given to have called for such an uncompromising severity—for every one was driven from his berth. I was soon relieved from my suspense, however. The victor

strutted two or three times over the deserted field; then turning towards the routed enemy, who seemed ready to rally on the banks, shook his stick at them, and cried out in Hindostanee, "I'll teach you to snore, you scoundrels!" This ludicrous explanation of the whole mystery affected the crew, as it did myself, and a loud laugh was the reply. So extravagant a punishment for so natural a fault they thought it absurd to think further about; and with the greatest good-humour, not willing however to run the risk of a second flight, they kindled a fire, and squatting round it, smoked their pipes, and laughed at the event, till it was time to prepare for sailing.

It is not likely so touchy a traveller would give a favourable account of the people he travelled among—so he was always one of their most violent abusers. Poor man! the recollection of his fate almost rebukes me for having written the above anecdote. He was murdered a short time afterwards, on the banks of the river, in his progress to Cawnpore. He was alone, and his boat was moored to the shore, on the side of the kingdom of Oude. A party of

decoits (robbers) came down in the night, and made an easy entrance to the place where he was lying. His servants, with the exception of one man, had deserted him, and his boatmen were dispersed. The following day no traces could be found of his body, but the deranged state of his room showed what had happened. The remaining servant, too, heard a struggle, which was soon followed by a splash in the water. Some time afterwards, the vultures were seen feeding on the flesh of a white man, a little below the spot where the murder had occurred, and all was confirmed. The robbers, however, have never been discovered, nor is it likely that they ever will be.

Although the natives of the East are frequently enough prone to robbery, I do not think they are often guilty of murder. There is seldom occasion to conceal their deeds in the silence of the grave; for the immense extent of the country, with the skilful manner in which they are accomplished, render it nearly impossible to trace them. It is only in independent states, however, where the police is not so vigilant as in our territory, nor so well or-

ganised, that such bold attacks as the one I have related above are ever made. They are said, upon that occasion, to have come down in great numbers, armed with swords and bludgeons; and one had a spear, for the servant who had not forsaken his master displayed a wound he had received from a thrust of the last-named weapon.

The bludgeon in general use is a formidable instrument, and is calculated to do as much execution as both the others put together, if wielded with moderate dexterity. It is a thick piece of bamboo, about four feet long, with iron rings at the intervals of four or six inches apart, and at the bottom it is loaded with a heavy piece of the same metal. I have heard that it was usual, when thieves broke into a room, for one of the party to stand with his uplifted cudgel behind the occupier of it, if he happened to be asleep, ready to let it fall upon his head should his evil genius move him to awake. If he slept on, when the plunder was completed, the "tender mercies" of the sentinel allowed him to continue in repose. If ever such a mode of robbery did exist, the period when it flourished has fortunately

passed away, curbed, with many other uncomfortable systems, by "old Father Antick, the law."

I shall here take occasion to relate another method that I have heard described, which the thieves adopt to prevent being seized upon when they are endeavouring to creep quietly through the apartment. They fasten a bare knife, with the edge uppermost, to the arm; and while crouching by the side of your bed, if you hear a noise, and put out your hand to seize the cause of it, they take good care that it shall grasp the blade of the weapon, from which, with great reason, they reckon you will not be long in withdrawing it.

I must endeavour to return to the peaceable scene I left, when I entered upon these tales of deadly peril. I offer no apology for the transition; for as change is the great charm of a journey, I hope a journalist may not be condemned for making it also an ingredient in his narrative. The scene around me is now considerably altered. Dinner is over; and while the more precise and scrupulous are undergoing their ablutions in as

picturesque parties as they formed during their meals, the others, having satisfied their own appetites, are busily engaged in preparing for the animals under their care; the camels are returning loaded with branches of the peepul for themselves; while the elephants, who have just received the call, are shuffling, with as much liveliness as they can express by their action, to a distant part of the ground where their cakes of meal, well baked, are spread out for them. A certain number is allotted to each; a fourth of which is destined for the cooly, who assists the mahout, or driver, in the care of him, and whose duty it is to bake the cakes and administer them, which is by no means a hasty operation. Each cooly puts the food into the elephant's mouth with his own hands, and waits quietly by his side till he has swallowed one mouthful, ready to introduce the next. The portion intended for himself he first shows to the animal, and pretending to receive his assent to the appropriation, lays it aside; and such is the sagacity of the elephant, that it is not too much to say he seems to understand the arrangement. One of the most striking fea-

tures in the character of the East Indian is, the great devotion each person bestows upon his particular business. This arises, no doubt, from the division into castes, which having first introduced, now fosters the belief in the necessity of hereditary occupations. The Mahometans themselves, although privileged by their religion to be exempt from such restrictions, are not entirely free from the belief; and it is not uncommon to hear a low-born and uneducated person assert the privilege of his caste, when asked to do what he feels any repugnance from obeying. Each member, therefore, of that mighty race which sprang from Brahmah's foot — the race of mechanics—devotes all his energies to that particular branch that was followed and handed down to him, generally unimproved, by a long line of fathers.

Those men who attend to the care of animals are so identified with all their habits, that they seem to think of nothing else, and their charges appear so fully to understand them, that you may fancy they take part, particularly the elephants, in the conversation of their keepers. Sometimes

the mahout gains such an influence over this animal, that he may be suspected of having compelled the affections by "spells and medicines bought of mountebanks." Some fault had been found, not long ago, with the driver of a baggage elephant belonging to my regiment, and he was dismissed. The elephant had received his lesson, and would not suffer another to come near him. Several were procured one after the other, with excellent characters for kindness and management, but the gentlest creature seemed suddenly transformed into the most ungovernable. A month had passed without any return to rule, when the discharged driver was again taken into service, and the elephant, delighted to see him, became once more fit to use.

I have known the same tricks played with horses. They generally are unable to feed themselves, so dependant are they upon their grooms, when first bought from a native merchant, from their being accustomed to be crammed from the hand. As the natives like to see a horse shaking with fat and his coat shining like glass, they stuff him three times a day with an extremely nasty

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looking mixture of meal and oil, and several sorts of spices, which they put into his mouth, having previously kneaded it into little balls. They assist the mastication with their fingers, and the poor animals undergo the operation with as little appearance of appetite as a well-gorged epicure, who thinks it necessary to gratify his palate, even when his stomach is gone. A string of horses at feeding time presents rather a disagreeable than an interesting sight.

To return from another excursion, however, to the scene I set out from; the last ceremony being concluded, the washing of the cooking vessels, and the purification of the persons that had used them, the whole camp resounds with the bubbling of the hookah. Every class in India smokes tobacco; and the indulgence seems as necessary to them as the meals that precede it. The pipes are in as great variety too as the parties that are using them; from the painted cocoa nut with a small reed in it, to magnificent balls of crystal or metal with their variegated snakes and gemmed mouth-pieces.

The Europeans are generally as much addicted

to the custom as the natives; and not always considering the fitness of things, contrive that it should be introduced very frequently at the times it would be most gladly dispensed with. There is a degree of inconsistency among which this may be ranked, in the fashions adopted in this country by the English.

It seems scarcely necessary when fifty people sit down to dinner in the month of July, that the heat should be augmented by the addition of nearly two hundred servants. When the cloth is removed and this crowd no longer required, instead of benefiting by their dismissal, the hookahs are introduced, that the hot air may be duly set in motion by the fumes of tobacco. The habit becomes at length so confirmed that the person indulging in it cannot give it over; and if going out to dinner even to the distance of several miles, the pipe-bearer is seen creeping along the road "unwillingly to school," with all the heavy apparatus at his back. I do not think either the noise or the odour in the least agreeable to one that has not been initiated by some years enjoyment of the luxury at least. I have heard of a gentleman,

or old lady, I forget which, who, when travelling in a palanquin, had at every stage where this personage changed bearers, a fresh chillum in readiness, in order to smoke the ennui of the journey away. I have frequently pitied the situation of a newly-arrived lady, placed at her first dinner between the fire of two hookahs, the smoke circling round her head and the gurgling noise rendering it impossible to hear a word. Sometimes those who do not happen to possess appetites themselves, throw their bodies back in their chairs and call for their pipes before many of the company have commenced their dinner. I know there is often a necessity for the practice, but where the members of society are celebrated for every grace and accomplishment that can adorn it, I wonder they have not been able to dismiss a custom, that certainly neither adds to its elegance nor its comfort.

CHAPTER V.

Oriental camp at night—Caravan of camels—Mysterious adventure in the desert—Continuation of the march, with an attempt to find a tiger—European and native travelling contrasted—An unfortunate collision—Arrival at Hurdwar.

On a moonlight night, (it is difficult to conceive the beauty of a full moon in this country,) the groups dispersed among the trees chatting and smoking, with the picturesque appearance of the tents, and the women drawing water from the tank which shines like a lake of silver, afford a delightful picture. The coolness of the night-air after the parching day that has just gone—for the hot winds have already begun—makes us all anxious to continue the enjoyment of it to the latest moment; and when at length it is time to seek for rest, a veil is not drawn over the scene; for, merely changing the arrangement of the figures, all seems as full of interest as ever. The

simple couch of the Eastern is soon prepared; rolling himself up in his shawl, he stretches his limbs on the spot where he was sitting in company a few moments before, and instantly falls asleep.

It would be an easy matter to surprise a camp so situated; and when no soldiers are of the party, it is necessary to have several chuokedars, or watchmen, from the adjoining village. They come to their posts at nightfall, and sitting on their haunches, shout out at intervals until daylight an "All's well," that conveys little notion of melody, and permits little indulgence in sleep. The propriety of setting a thief to catch a thief is often acknowledged in these distributions of sentinels, for many of them are most expert robbers, and when not bound by their honours to protect your property, would in all probability be engaged in transferring it to themselves. So irregularly and thickly are the sleepers scattered about the ground, that it is with some difficulty you can walk through the camp in the night without stumbling over them. In such a careless encampment it must have been that Medoro and his friend, in "Orlando Furioso," slaughtered

the sleeping Christians, when in pursuit of their master's body. However deficient in chivalrous appearance by day it may be, I always fancy some resemblance at night to the arrangement of the heroes and heroines of Tasso and Ariosto:

"———When sunk in heavy sleep,
"Our careless bands the watch no longer keep.'

There is an air of fiction in every oriental scene, that it is some years before an European can quite shake off. I have not yet been able to do it. I cannot see

"The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,"

and not remember how

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past."

The mere appearance of a string of camels conveys an idea of great heat; and they not only seem to pursue their own way with pain, but communicate a similar feeling to all around them. The choking noise they make when being loaded, or when urged to rise with their burdens on their backs, is beyond all endurance when the number is great. Their sleepy appear-

ance when in motion, with the drowsy drivers nodding on their humps, is enough to try the temper of the most patient traveller. Those who are doomed to ride them without having been well trained to the exercise, I pity from my heart; this can never happen to an European in the East Indies, but I have a lively remembrance of a day's journey in the desert on a tired dromedary, when travelling from the shores of the Red Sea to the Nile. We started, three in number, with a guide, from the wells of Hajie Soleiman to those of Hammamat, at daylight in the morning. About ten o'clock my camel began to show symptoms of fatigue, or obstinacy, I do not know which, and having nearly dislocated my bones with the unsteadiness of its action, refused to continue any longer in company with my companions, who, jogging on, very soon left me out of sight.

I was for some hours perfectly alone, and felt, for the first time, how truly I was in the midst of a desert. The road, a defile among barren mountains, was very narrow and winding. Instead of the boundless sands that we imagine in a desert, it appeared to be the

dried bed of a river, that had once flowed between banks of dismal rocks, that were shining like jet in the sun, and reflecting its rays immediately upon us. Down the faces of the rocks there were frequently the marks of water-courses, which strengthened the belief that we were travelling where once some river might have held its course. My camel had a bell round its neck; accustomed to loiter, perhaps, it was necessary to use this precaution, for it was the only one of the party with such an appendage; its mournful sound and the occasional echo of the lash of my whip, when I endeavoured to urge it to a trot, were all that broke the awful silence of the scene. I was so tired that I could no longer sit upon its back, and having learnt the Arab mode of making it kneel down, I dismounted and attempted to lead it along. With unwilling steps and slow, it followed me for about an hour, when we reached a tree, the only one I had yet seen; it was as green as could be in such a situation, and looked nearly as forlorn and uncomfortable as myself. Here was a cross road, and I knew not which to take; my camel settled the point by refusing

to take either; all the methods I could devise were unavailing, I had nothing left but to sit under "the sycamore tree," and sigh like Hassan:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz walls I bent my way."

I discovered a more ingenious plan, however, and unbuckling the bell from the camel's throat, rung it with all my might, bellowing at the same time as if I had been mad. I had not long been engaged in this sensible pursuit, when a cloud of dust seemed to rise in the most distant point of view, and immediately a number of Bedouins, mounted on the fleetest dromedaries, surrounded me; they were armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords, and spears, and amounted to twenty. "The bell is answered, indeed," sighed I, "what is to be done now?" I was in hopes they had witnessed my exertions in ringing, for believing fools and madmen to be under the special protection of Providence, they might have bowed down and worshipped me; but, alas, they were too far off!

I was sufficiently well armed to make an imposing appearance, and with as much carelessness as I could assume, examined the priming of my pistols, and half drawing my sabre, seemed to look with great satisfaction on the shining blade, not doubting that my composure would have due effect upon my future masters.

They seemed, however, to trouble themselves but little about the matter, and obliging my camel to kneel down, gave me a hint that it was necessary to mount, by shaking a whip before me and pointing to the crouching beast. I was soon on his back again, and smiling and bowing, affected to be highly pleased with the addition I had received to my society. My stock of Arabic was so small, that I could not hope to be enlightened upon their intentions regarding me; so my own mind had it all its own way, and most woful pictures it contrived to draw. The head, or leader of the party, pointing towards me and then extending his arm in the direction we were to pursue, gave some hasty orders to about two-thirds of the party, who set off at a gallop, as I conjectured immediately, to take possession of

my fellow travellers. The chief and six men remained with myself, quite enough to prevent any great display of courage upon my part. I was placed between two men, who amused themselves by whipping my camel, and laughing heartily at the uncouth faces I could not conceal from the torture his trotting threw me into; the others used all their endeavours to examine my arms, and continually shook the rifle that was slung at my back. I was determined not to part with one of my weapons, however, and, pretending to enjoy their curiosity, fastened them more readily about me.

I have no doubt I gave them good reason for the frequent bursts of laughter they indulged in, for my ludicrous efforts to appear comfortable, joined to the grimaces my situation extorted from me, must have impressed them with a high idea of my powers of pantomime.

As they had not attempted to plunder me, I began to hope they were generous thieves, who might present me to some great man, and that the worst of my occupations would be to draw water, or tend his favourite camels; to be a

naturalized Arab too, and train up a progeny of robbers, with many other extravagant visions, floated in my imagination, and I submitted, with tolerable resignation, to my fate.

Revived by the company it had fallen into, and the voices of the Arabs, with its near approach to water, my camel moved merrily on; and the sun was just setting, when we alighted opposite a small tent, pitched by the side of a neat square, in which lies the well of Hammamat. Four sentinels, with their matchlocks on their shoulders, were standing at the door; and my worst suspicions were confirmed, when I saw my two companions stretched on the ground within it. They were fast asleep; and unwilling to deprive them of the only agreeable moments they might have for a long time, I found a place for myself by their side, and soon fell into a sound slumber also, so great was my fatigue, undisturbed by dreams of water skins, camels, the routing of caravans, or even of Arab maids, with their eyes like antelopes, and their forms graceful as the dromedary. It was midnight before I awoke, when I found all my delightful adventure, "like the baseless

fabric of a vision," had "melted into air." The party that had overtaken me had been sent by the Bey of Khenah as an escort for us across the desert, in consequence of some robbery that had been lately committed by a party of Bedouins. They had missed us, and passing by another track, had got into our rear: they were Bedouins also, and had taken each of us in detail, in the manner I have described; for my companions had divided, and were led, like myself, into a seeming captivity. We had the advantage, therefore, of experiencing a marvellous adventure, without any of the ills that should attend it.

An encampment in the desert—for rising at midnight, when the moon was shining clearly, brought it more especially under my notice—is not less beautiful than a similar scene in the more fertile country of the East, I am now in. It had not the shadow of the wide trees to shelter the sleepers, nor the addition of the elephants and horses; but its appearance of loneliness and intense silence, at that hour, was so appalling, that it was not easy to witness the scene, and forget it. The familiarity between the Arab and

his camel is much greater than that I have noticed in India; for he applies it to a use that has not yet occurred, I think, to the driver of Hindostan. For sleeping, in a cold night, the Arab places two camels abreast; and throwing his blanket over them, as an awning, he lies between their bodies, receiving their warmth, without the slightest risk of being overlaid in the course of his rest.

April 5th. We set off at daylight, and rode to breakfast at a spot near the village of Lundour. It is the custom for travellers to take good care to have all provided for their comfort. A portion of the camp equipage, and a number of the servants, were sent forward the evening before, to arrange the ground, and prepare the food; and it was not long before every thing was made as comfortable, in our movable hotel, as it would be in the best inn in the world. We had not long arrived, and were seated under the few trees that were scattered about our neighbourhood, when we were thrown into bustle by the arrival of a husbandman and his son in the camp. They came to inform us that a tiger had

slain a bullock, while grazing in the herd they were tending, the evening before; and as he had not yet devoured him, he was likely to be near us. We were not long in preparing for the chace; and, mounting our elephants about midday, set out in pursuit, accompanied by the man, who assured us he could lead us to the very spot. We mustered four elephants with howdahs; and a fifth, with a pad upon its back, was destined to bring home the game, and to carry the footmen of the party, when we became engaged with the enemy.

We took an easterly direction from our position, and in about two hours entered a somewhat swampy ground, well covered with grass and reeds, that were so long as to conceal the bodies of the elephants. Many clumps of trees were scattered over the plain we were beating, like islets in a wide lake; and to one of these, in the centre of which was a dismal swamp, our guide led us, and marching boldly into it, exclaimed, "There is the bullock!" and made a discreet retreat to the pad elephant in the rear. We placed ourselves in a line, and stood up man-

fully, each in his own castle, his double-barrelled gun in hand, ready for the foe: not a word was spoken—all was breathless expectation. We did not leave a corner of the little forest unsearched, for it seemed the most likely spot to be selected for the solitary lair of the tiger; and just as we were quitting it in despair, we perceived the bones of the bullock, spoken of by the countryman in the first instance; though from the opposite direction that they were in, to that which we had entered by, he could never have seen them. They were so well picked, it was evident the tiger had long abandoned them to the jackalls, or vultures, which are generally in attendance to complete his work.

After beating every other likely place for some hours, we returned to our couch at night-fall tolerably tired and disappointed. In the early part of the day we disturbed many black partridges and hog deer, but, resolved on the destruction of the nobler game, we reserved our fire and lost the opportunity of trying our skill upon the lesser. We observed several herds of cattle grazing in various directions, and attended, although there

were sometimes two hundred head in each, by only two or three men at the utmost. Scarcely a night passes without the loss of one or more animals, and the herdsmen have no other means of scaring the tiger than by the voice, which I suspect has no great effect. The tiger steals quietly upon his prey, and knocking it down with his paw, carries it off before the loss is perceived, except from the sensation it causes among the remainder of the cattle, which fly terrified in all directions. Fortunately for these poor men, the flesh of the cow has more attractions for the tiger's palate than human flesh, and instances of their being destroyed are consequently rare.

April 6th.—We were again on horseback at daylight, and very soon found we were not the only active travellers on the road: we overtook crowds of people hastening to the fair at Hurdwar. We had already exceeded the best time by two or three days, and were as anxious as the numerous strings of pilgrims to the sacred river could be to reach the object of their wishes. It is not usual to find so much interest upon the high-road, for, notwithstanding the great popu-

lation of the country, travelling is not general among any class of the natives. The grotesque equipages we met with this day have given ample cause for amusement; and the various tribes of people who are journeying with us, give much room for speculation and conjecture: there seem to be collections of all the countries of the east.

We have not failed to add our share of entertainment to the scene, and have given, I fear, to some classes more trouble and annoyance than we felt the least disposed to do. There is a striking contrast between the patient mode of proceeding among the natives, and "the pace" at which the Europeans proceed in their journeys. We were cantering along at our usual rate, when we overtook a drove of bullocks laden with goods for the fair. Many of them were quite wild, and apparently just taken from the pasture to carry the burthens that were swung upon their backs, in bags balanced by their equal weight, for they seldom use any girths. Our approach was too sudden for them, and they set off galloping in every possible direction; the order of march was soon irretrievably disturbed; bales of goods

and bags of grain strewed the road; and the unfortunate merchants and their servants set off screaming in pursuit of the runaway cattle, which led them a weary dance; for, delighted at their liberation from thraldom, they never stopped to look behind them, but betook themselves to the course of the wood on each side of the road by which we were passing.

Several herds were grazing around; and, as if to congratulate their fellows on their escape, hastened to the scene, with their tails in the air, and in compact columns rushed by us, nearly smothering us with the dust they raised; then, wheeling suddenly round, halted at the head of a line of hackeries, (bullock carriages) and seemed determined to resist the passage; the animals in the hackeries were disposed to join in the frisk, and it required all the groaning and twisting of their tails the drivers were capable of, to prevent them. They dragged their vehicles off the road, however, some lodging in a ditch, and others in endeavouring to climb up a bank, discharging their loads rather prematurely at the foot of it. There were one or two little carriages drawn by

ponies, that went quietly over the ruin, neither they, nor the parties who drove them, seeming to care about the matter. Two formidable looking machines, in the shape of bee-hives, covered with scarlet cloth, having curtains in front of them, and each drawn by a pair of very fine bullocks, had been moving with all the solemnity possible in the front of the procession, when an offensive movement on the part of the cattle, having something the resemblance of a charge, involved them in the general uproar, and the leading one upsetting, completed the confusion.

The screaming of females from within, who seemed to be crowded like bees in their hives, did not tend to diminish the confusion that ensued. Their voices, on the contrary, "like fiddles in a concert, ever the loudest, if not the shrillest instruments," rather contributing to swell the tumult. It was difficult to discover whether they were most alarmed or angry, from the effect it had upon the men; however, I think the latter feeling predominated, for they abandoned all attempts to remedy the evils that had crowded upon them, and turning

upon the women with the most violent gestures, endeavoured to out-tongue them. The language of the east, at all times figurative and extravagant, exceeds any thing that can be imagined in the metaphor of its abuse, and the torrent of words that an enraged woman can pour upon the ear of her opponent is frightful indeed!

The skirmish that had been confined in the first instance to the few who had suffered from the overthrow, now became general; the following hackeries could not proceed until the one that interrupted their progress was righted. It was necessary, therefore, that the drivers in the rear should rush forward to abuse the men whose duty it was to make them a passage, and they lost not one moment of their opportunity. The plot continued thickening every minute, for the roads are so narrow throughout the country, that it is not an easy matter for one cart to pass another; and as there is seldom any emulation in either bullock or driver, it is not necessary, perhaps, that they should be able to do so. As if the rainy season had totally destroyed all

appearance of a road, it seems to be the plan for the first cart that passes after it, to fix the track for all the others, and most scrupulously do they adhere to the ruts that have been thus laid down as a guide. The noise rose to such a pitch, that we, who were, I hope, the innocent causes of all, found our endeavours utterly unavailing to restore order. We cantered out of it, and were long before we had entirely escaped from the sound.

I shall never forget the shrill accent of one old woman, who seemed to be the matron of the rest, and assumed the right, as she most certainly had the power, of out-Heroding all. She thrust her lank figure, hastily covered with a yellow scarf, through the opening of the carriage she was driving in, and waving her long shrivelled arm, harangued at the top of her voice for more than five minutes without drawing breath. We pitied the partner of so much softness, who stood at the head of his bullocks with an indifference that nothing but long practice could have given him, and hastily

escaped from the whirlwind of her tongue. Had I met her on a blasted heath, I should have doubted whether she were "aught that man may question," so withered and so wild was her attire.

Before the sun became very hot, we reached the village of Juallapore, which seemed to be quite deserted—all its inhabitants being absent at the fair. It was not, however, noiseless, for we were followed through its streets by crowds of dogs, that courteously saw us to the outside of the town. The road now became sandy, and not unpleasant to ride over. We were well sheltered by the branches of the trees, and entertained by the various tribes of travellers winding through the wood, who increased considerably in numbers and picturesque appearance. At the town of Kunkul, where we soon arrived, there was a still greater collection. It seemed to be an outpost to the armies of pilgrims and merchants that were by this time collected at Hurdwar: horses, camels, and elephants, with an innumerable variety of

human beings, were assembled here to take their last rest before they made their entry to the fair.

Kunkul is a very considerable village, and the country around it extremely beautiful. We were agreeably surprised, and the more so from the transition being sudden, at the change the scenery in its neighbourhood presented from the dreary sameness of that of the preceding days.

The streets are wide, and the houses remarkably good, built of brick, and whitened with cement. A number of singular figures are painted upon the walls and the fronts of the houses—animals of every description, and men and women that have, I hope, no resemblances upon earth! and in positions in utter defiance of the rules of either nature or art. These paintings, "al fresco," are in colour closer imitations of reality. The human beings are of all shades, and the tigers and leopards are striped and spotted with admirable precision. A group of European gentlemen, smoking, with their ladies by their sides, and surrounded by servants,

occupied nearly the whole front of one of the largest houses—and a most whimsical picture they presented. Black people, it has been observed, feel a greater degree of surprise, not unmixed with horror, at first beholding a white person, than we do at meeting one of their complexion. Those, who first descending to the plains through Hurdwar, to mix among the singular looking beings pictured at Kunkul, if this be true, will have good cause to be disgusted at the first representations they meet with of them. We need not be mortified, however, at our caricatures, while their own are fully as ludicrous. I was not able to discover to whose brush this village was indebted for its uncommon decorations.

In the groves of trees around were many monkeys, that appeared to occupy the houses in common with their human inhabitants, whenever they felt disposed to change the scene; they were to be seen by dozens playing on the flat roofs, or perched with much gravity at the open verandahs, to observe the passing crowds. Continuing through a thickening forest we rode

into Hurdwar by a narrow path across a gentle hill that rose from the bank of the river. Among the trees were two temples, not very far apart. When the strings of travellers arrived opposite them, each person exclaimed with a loud voice, "Mahadeo Bol!" and "bol, bol," continued to resound for some time along the sacred shores. Emerging from this sheltered spot, we were in a moment in the midst of bustle—in the centre of the fair of Hurdwar!

CHAPTER VI.

The fair of Hurdwar—Digression in pursuit of Tigers, with many other digressions—Ill-effects of not keeping to the letter—Return to Meerut.

It is not an easy matter to describe the singular scene that is exhibited at the fair of Hurdwar, where the Hindoos assemble in countless multitudes, to combine, as they every where contrive so admirably to do, their spiritual and temporal pursuits. For several miles before we reached it, we had passed thousands of people in every description of vehicle hastening towards it. They were of all ages, all costumes, and all complexions: no spot upon earth can produce so great a variety of the human race at one assemblage, and it would

be impossible to enumerate the articles of different sorts, or even the countries that produce them, offered for sale in the streets. The merchants in their own languages praise their own commodities, and make a confusion of tongues highly bewildering to a learned pundit, but to a European, "confusion worse confounded."

There are horses from all parts of the globe, elephants, camels, and buffalos, cows, and sheep of every denomination, thickly crowded together; dogs, cats, and monkeys, leopards, bears, and cheators; sometimes the cubs of a tigress, and always from the elk to the mouse deer, every species of that animal. Shawls from Cashmere, and woollen cloths from England, are displayed on the same stall; coral from the Red Sea, agate from the Guzzerat, precious stones from Ceylon, gums and spices from Arabia, asafœtida and rose-water from Persia, brought by the natives of each country to the mart, lie by the side of watches from France, pickles from China, sauces from England, and perfume from Bond-street and the Rue St. Honoré. I have seen a case of French rouge, and henna for the fingers

of an eastern fair, selling in adjoining booths; antimony to give languor to an oriental eye, and all the embellishments of a European toilet!

In roaming through the fair you are amused by the tricks of the eastern jockeys: here one is ambling on a richly caparisoned horse, with necklaces of beads and bangles of silver, displaying his paces with the utmost dexterity; another is galloping as hard as he can, to show how admirably he can bring him on his haunches; while a third lets his horse loose, and calls him by a whistle, to prove his docility. Elephants and camels are exhibiting at the same time their several graces and accomplishments, while a Persian, with a brood of the beautiful cats of his country, stands quietly by to attract you with his quadrupeds, if you should fail in making a bargain for the larger ones.

The dealers invariably ask ten times as much as they mean to take, and vary their demands as they gather from your countenance your anxiety or indifference for the purchase. It is not uncommon for a horse-dealer to fall, in the course of a few moments, in his demand, from

ten to one thousand rupees. When the bargain is about to be concluded, the buyer and the seller throw a cloth over their hands, and naming a price, ascertain by the pressure of certain joints how nearly they are making towards its termination. By this means, in the midst of a crowd they deal in secret; and it is laughable to see, through an affected air of carelessness, how deeply they are interested.

During their great attention to worldly matters, they are not forgetful of the grand object of the Hurdwar meeting: crowds succeeding crowds, move all day towards the Ghaut, and no minute of the twenty-four hours passes without being marked by the cleanly rites of the worship of Gunga: the devout bathers of all sexes, assemble in thousands, and perform their ablutions with so perfect a sincerity and indifference to appearance, that they seem nearly ignorant whether they are clad or not.

The Ghaut presents as singular and motley a sight as the fair itself: Europeans lounging on the backs of elephants to witness the bathing—Brahmins busy in collecting the tribute—reli-

gious mendicants displaying every species of indecency and distortion—and Christian ministers anxiously and industriously distributing to the pilgrims copies of the Scriptures, translated into their various languages. Some of these excellent men—for no difficulty or labour stays them in their heavenward course—sit in the porches of the temples, with baskets of tracts by their sides, giving them to all who approach; the number so disseminated must be very great, for every person is attracted to the seat of the missionary as he passes from the river to complete his devotion at the temple.

We hear very little of Hindoo conversion, and many who have not had the opportunity of witnessing the zeal and perseverance of our missionaries may imagine that they slumber on their posts. But theirs is a silent way, and their endeavours, though little seen or heard, have, under the Divine assistance, produced some effect. It would be enlarging on a well-known tale to dwell upon the sorrows that a Hindoo must bear, and the struggles he must make, before he can renounce his religion. The

severest sacrifices, however, have been made, and as it has been often gravely asserted, that such examples of sincerity have never occurred, I cannot resist relating the following instance, which fell under my own observation.

A soldier belonging to one of the native regiments had been baptized by the chaplain of the station where it was quartered. He was a great favourite with his comrades, and such a circumstance made no inconsiderable stir among them. The government, on hearing of the matter, ordered an investigation into it; the soldier's story was simple, and his subsequent conduct proved it to be true.

"From the first year I entered the service," he said, "I was struck with the difference of the conduct of the British officers and the higher men of my own country—the former I noticed never told an untruth, and were never guilty of a dishonest action—among the latter, truth was little considered, and knavish tricks were far too common. On the expedition to Java, while on shipboard, I had an opportunity of observing the manners of the English more minutely, and was

confirmed in my ideas regarding them. I was struck with their mode of praying every Sunday, and became anxious to be better informed in their religious beliefs. I conversed whenever I could with Europeans on the subject, and never ceased to think of all they told me, till on my return to Calcutta, I obtained a translated copy of the Bible. I studied it constantly, and determined to become a Christian. I knew it was necessary, before I could make this declaration, to take leave of every member of my family, and I got a furlough for that purpose. I had much to struggle with. I put off the disclosure to the last moment, and when at length I made it, all the opposition I anticipated was offered. When I combated their arguments, they assailed me with reproaches and tears. I remained firm, however, and parted with them as if I had been going to execution. I can never hope to meet them again. Judge if I am not sincere. And now, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the military court of inquiry, "are you not Christians and soldiers too? how then can my becoming a Christian unfit me for a

soldier? or why, because I believe in your God, am I not capable of serving your king?". It was considered proper to remove this man from his regiment. A pension, the amount of his pay, was settled upon him, and he now is free to attend the Christian worship, and a man of more exemplary manner, or more respectable appearance, cannot be found in any church in Europe.*

The lower classes of Hindoos have, I am grieved to say, little encouragement to believe, from the example of their equals among our own countrymen. The self-indulgence that the heat of the climate in some degree may excuse, sinks, among the lower order of Europeans, into the coarsest immorality. Although the discipline of the troops is as high as possible, there are few services more irksome to the feelings of a British officer, and none less appreciated, than a tour of duty in the East Indies. It is not a light oc-

* I hope the Rev. H. F., the gentleman from whom I heard this story, should these pages ever fall under his notice, will excuse my having taken the liberty of making the above use of it: it interested me so much that I could not easily forget it.

cupation to hold constantly the bridle on licentiousness and crime.

The many classes of Hindoos who attend at Hurdwar present the most interesting sight to a European that can be imagined. It is a school of manners and customs. I was astonished at the striking difference in complexion and features of the inhabitants of the same country: the tall, fair figures of the Sikhs, with the slight and coal black forms of the Bengalees, offered not a greater contrast than the short and sturdy Ghorkas, with their yellow Tartar-like faces, exhibited between both of these. The men of Cabul and of Thibet are again totally different; and though last not least, the Europeans, whose tents and equipages contrast as widely with the strange display around them, as they themselves differ in person and dress. The noises suit well with the grotesque scene. From the sacred shell of the Brahmin to the roaring of wild beasts, there is every variety of vocal and instrumental music.

I had pitched my tent in the midst of the market-place, on a little hill, commanding a view of

the whole scene. I had soon reason to quarrel with my position. On one side of me was the asafœtida bazaar—on the other the booths of the confectioners. The odour arising from the first, and the flies attracted by the last, were more than human patience could endure. To complete my disaster, I found that I was encamped over a cluster of ant's nests—an event that very frequently occurs—so, when driven in to shelter myself from the flies, I ran the risk of being nearly devoured by the ants. I soon determined to change my position, and chose a clear spot of grass, on the edge of a thick wood, a little without the village.

Though I gained in comfort by daylight, I found so sequestered a spot was not calculated for a dark night. The thieves of the East are the most expert in the world; and as I was travelling from curiosity, they were complaisant enough to shew me some of their sleight of hand. My tent was a very small one, calculated only for my mountain journey; and there was little more room in it than served to admit my bed and table: they contrived, nevertheless, while I was asleep within

it, to carry every thing I possessed away; and when I rose at daylight to commence my journey, I had a prospect of making worse than a bare-footed pilgrimage. My canvass walls had been cut through in two places: by one aperture, no doubt, they entered, and escaped by the other. Fortunately for me, they had been disturbed, and many of my clothes hung on the branches of the neighbouring trees. I felt mortified at being robbed so easily, while in the tent myself; but was much consoled, in the morning, by learning that the knapsacks of a picquet had been also stolen from the tent, in which the men composing it were asleep.

I have heard so many instances of the skill of these worthies, that I should never feel astonished at any feats they might perform. A traveller accustomed to be robbed in Europe would scarcely think it possible that a sheet should be stolen from under him without his discovering it; but nothing is more simple to a Hindoo thief;—perfectly naked, he glides, like a serpent, into the room, and sits on the floor, at the foot of the bed, watching his opportunity: when he thinks the sleeper fast as

possible, he gives the sheet a gentle pull, and crouches under the bed. If disturbed from his nap, seeing nothing, the man yawns, stretches, turns round, and sleeps again. This is natural, and on this the thief reckons. By repeating the same operation two or three times, the utmost that will be necessary, he gains the sheet, and makes off.

To leave the people for the scenery :—nothing can exceed the change between the country of Hurdwar and that only five miles below it. You break from a desert to green fields—from a dreary ocean to a fairy land. Travelling on the plains of India, in the month of April, when the breezes every day announce the approach, by growing hotter and hotter, of the burning winds of May, is little more than one degree better than the desert. The land has not quite lost its greenness, however ; but a vapour (at mid-day) hangs over it, so like a mirage, that notwithstanding its cultivation, while your camels toil patiently along, you may almost deem yourself on the road to Mecca. How delightful, therefore, is it to hail the wooded hills of the Hurd-

war Pass, and the broad and rapid flow of the Ganges as it breaks from the control of mountains, to pass more than twelve hundred miles to the sea! It is the circumstance of Hurdwar being the first pass by which the sacred river enters the plains, that has made it so holy a spot; and using it for so cleanly a ceremony of devotion as bathing, is a matter of high importance to many, who seemed to have nourished their impurities at least a year, to give Gunga the sole merit of cleansing them—too jealous of the honour of their god to suffer any other water to rival him.

April 10th.—As we did not feel discouraged by the disappointment of our first attempt at tiger-shooting, we resolved, instead of entering the Valley of the Dhoon, to go in pursuit of such sport once more, and beat through the jungle at the foot of the range of hills that divide that beautiful valley from the plains. We set out about two o'clock, intending to pass the night in a tope of trees which we had observed in passing near the village of Juallapore. The fair was drawing to its close, as well as the period that is considered most holy and efficacious for the

bathers, which is determined by the motion of the heavenly bodies.

The road was still more crowded than when we entered it, for all classes were proceeding homeward, many in high spirits at the result of their speculations, and many sufficiently sad, at having to drive their cattle, or drag their bales half through Hindostan before they could stand any chance of getting rid of them. I observed many horses that had been "cried at four thousand pieces of gold" on the commencement of the fair, that their owners would have been well pleased to part with now for a few hundred pieces of silver. They are often obliged to lead them as low down as Allahabad, or Benares, before they can meet with purchasers for them. There is scarcely a Serai in any town of the Doab that has not at one period of the day, during the spring of the year and the cold season, a string of horses resting in it, with all the jockies of the neighbourhood *smoking* in council upon their respective qualities.

The visiters, whose devotion alone has led them to Hurdwar, may easily be known by the

family groups they form, and their happy faces, in which it is easy to fancy you may read the conviction of the good deed they have just performed. It is impossible to look at them, knowing the great distances they have come for the purpose, and the weary way they have yet before them to their homes, without interest. Alas! that so much zeal and so great self-denial should be bestowed upon such a cause!

In noticing the distribution of the Scriptures by a missionary, who had posted himself near the Ghaut, I forgot to mention the avidity with which many, particularly of the Sikhs, crowded around him to obtain copies. I stood for some time near the spot where he was sitting, without, I believe, being perceived by him, and was astonished at the attention they all paid to the few words he was able to address to them. A middle-aged man, with several of his family about him, came up to me with his book, and repeated the words the "Padre Sahib" had spoken to him on presenting it, and, as if really anxious to have them corroborated, asked with much earnestness if it were true—"Sach bat?"

I assured him it all was. "Then," said he, "I will read the book to my family whenever I get home."

It was indeed a sad change to turn from this pleasing picture to the naked and disgusting devotees who glided, like troubled spirits, among the crowd, their persons smeared with chalk or cow-dung, and their heads personifying completely the imagined freak of Queen Mab,

> "Who cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
> Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

We found it so difficult to get every body away from the fair, that it was sun-set before we reached Juallapore; and having with proper foresight sent our cooks and dinners forward, although the tents had not arrived, the "kitchen range" was soon established, and all appeared to be going merrily on. Under the shelter of a high hedge were arranged spits with peacocks and partridges, while soup, rice, and currie were boiling as fast as they could around; and, though last not least, the oven, which had been formed in a bank of clay close by, was "heating" as well

as could be expected; when suddenly the hues of sun-set were obscured, and a dark cloud rose in the north-west; a low murmur ushered the approach of something destructive to our plans, and in a moment after the tiphoon (hurricane) was upon us.

The tents had arrived a few minutes before, and were in the act of being pitched; they were scattered, however, in every direction. Dust rolled in billows about us, and all was in the direst confusion! Our spits and cooking-pots were soon thrown prostrate, and the flying fragments of burnt wood denoted a farewell to the possibility of retrieving affairs for some time. Every one being interested in their restoration, flew to the rescue, and it was quite laughable to see the schemes adopted to remedy the disaster. The servants contented themselves with shouting and scolding to the utmost of their strength, while their masters, more concerned in the matter, scrambled after the dispersed feast. It was now quite dark, but it would appear too like a purposely-contrived confusion, if I were to continue the description of it. I do not think, however, it would be pos-

sible to caricature it. In such scenes it is not likely all people can keep their tempers; I must not omit to celebrate, therefore, the rage of one of our party, who heightened the uproar by pursuing his servants, with a horsewhip in his hand, to punish them for some imaginary fault. They flew with the utmost speed through the darkness, while their pursuer roared to them in most unintelligible Hindostanee to stop, and vented his rage upon every object, animate or inanimate, that came in his way. "Pagul hoguya,"—he has gone mad, was the general cry throughout the ground, while each terrified native flew from his approach. He still continued

"To run a-muck, and tilt at all he met,"

without any diminution of his anger, till, fairly exhausted, he was obliged to sit down and gasp for breath. We were able to read him a practical lesson on the disadvantages of giving way to passion, for when he returned to his tent, disappointed and fatigued from the chase, we had

made ourselves comfortable, while the scattered portions of his equipage were still to seek, and no one to assist him in the pursuit. It was past two in the morning before he succeeded in getting his tent properly pitched.

The dialogues that take place between an angry master, who has little knowledge of the language, and his servants, is, although extremely entertaining to an uninterested listener, sufficiently alarming to the weaker party, the natives. They show a great deal of ingenuity in discovering the meaning, sharpened perhaps by their fears; and although they are often accused of stupidity, I must declare that no European peasant I ever met with could understand directions delivered under similar disadvantages, in the manner they do. I was acquainted with a person on my first arrival in India, who boasted of knowing ten or twelve words in Hindostanee, with which he found, to use his own phrase, "he could get on famously." Quite proud of the extent of his knowledge, he was always exercising it, and in the most pompous manner delivered his orders, never feeling the

least misgiving about being understood. It is no slight merit, surely, in the men to be able to compress their verbose language to so limited a vocabulary as my friend's. I have often been reminded, in witnessing such scenes, of the dialogue between Ancient Pistol and his French prisoner, in Henry the Fifth.

French Soldier. Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?

Pistol. Brass, cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?

The abuse, and indeed the blow, that immediately follow any doubtful interpretation, would "sort well with the fierceness" of that distinguished hero.

I am sorry to say, the observations I have made apply generally to the military masters: the civilians have the advantage of a greater knowledge of the language, and the means of better regulating their *ménage*. Few persons, I hope, after a residence of some years, are

guilty of such conduct, and much perhaps may be said in excuse of the "new comers," who find themselves suddenly transported, at sixteen years of age, from the discipline of school to be lords over half-a-dozen obsequious lacqueys. And I am not certain, however detestable the custom, but the masters are the greatest sufferers in the end, for as no respectable servants can be found to engage with them, they are tolerably fleeced for their tyranny. It is a vice that carries its own punishment with it.

Whatever beauties and luxuries the East may possess, there is a proportionate difficulty in overcoming the dragons that guard them. If it were not for the happy mixture of the ludicrous in every distress that occurs to the novice, an arrival at Calcutta would make matter for a pathetic picture. How long I shall remember my passage up the Hoogly from Sauger, in the middle of June! seven of us, bag and baggage, in a small boat, (a Bauleah,) with a cabin of about twelve feet by four. Two nights were we engaged in active war with

musquitoes, and two days did we sit, "men of perpetual dissolution and thaw," gradually melting away.

How often have I pitied the poor youths, who, just landed from shipboard, wander about Fort William buttoned up to the throat in blue cloth coats, while the sun is vertical, their faces swelled with musquito bites, and their persons in a high fever! And then the rooms they are put into! three or four of them in one, perhaps, without light, and almost without air! There are few places in this world so thoroughly uncomfortable as Fort William, even to the higher ranks, but to the subalterns it is beyond all conception terrible.

April 11th.—We halted this day in the midst of the forest at the base of the hills, and near a little village so perfectly retired, that it was almost necessary to seek for it among the trees. I forget its name, but it was about twelve coss from Hurdwar: on our route to it we had not met with much to interest us; a few partridges, black and grey, with a great abundance of quail,

and now and then a hog deer, afforded a little diversion during the march. The grass was so long that we found it necessary to enter our howdahs in order to enjoy the sport. It is sufficiently laughable to take the field against quail with a string of elephants, and the gravity of the animals is brought with a ludicrous force to the mind when engaged in such a pursuit. It is necessary, however, in following small birds, to be protected from the probable attacks of greater game. A tiger would materially interfere with the amusement. The elephants are well accustomed to the sport, and almost seem to stand at a bird.

We gathered from the village in the afternoon all the men and boys we could find to beat the ground for us, and made no inconsiderable army. The quails are so numerous in this neighbourhood, that it is impossible to load rapidly enough to be ready for them, even when carrying relays of guns. I met a sporting gentleman, who not long ago laid a wager that he would shoot seventy brace within the Dhoon,

and ride a hundred miles, between daylight and dinner at six o'clock in the evening, and he won his bet easily.

It is astonishing how little consideration the different classes of natives possess for each other. It seemed to give the Mahouts pleasure to drive their elephants through the standing corn, and when they twisted nearly whole sheaves out of the ground in their trunks they never attempted to prevent them. The Europeans do not often set them a good example. Sometimes the Zemeendars apply for remuneration for mischief done, but generally their apathy overcomes their sufferings. We endeavoured, however, to avoid doing injury as much as possible.

On returning to our tents in the evening we found a professional huntsman awaiting us. He had heard of our being in the jungle, and had come to act as guide and gamekeeper. He was a smart young man, about thirty years of age, and carried a matchlock, and a triangular rest to fire it from, the limbs of which closing together, served as a pole to walk with. His was a dangerous office, to

make himself acquainted with the haunts and habits of wild beasts. He and his brother were well known to the sportsmen who visit these forests as being great adepts in their business. He offered to lead us to the very spot where a tiger was; "For," said he, "I saw him this morning as I was coming here." In his relation and description of the country round, he showed so perfect an intimacy with the pursuits of the wild beast, that we were quite astonished. He told us that his brother had been killed by a tiger during the last hot weather; "but," continued he, "that is nothing, for so has his father, and so I suppose shall I be." Indeed he seemed to take some pride in the prospect, and I fear, poor fellow, he is not very likely to disgrace his ancestors by dying a less glorious death.

It is proper to have a person with you well acquainted with the woods, if only to avoid falling into the traps dug for the wild elephants. The pits are so ingeniously covered that it is not easy for strangers to detect them; and in the heat of the chase to be suddenly dropped into the shades would be too tantalizing an adventure

to run any risk of. I have heard an anecdote related of the sagacity of an elephant to which such an accident happened, so extraordinary that I feel some hesitation in repeating it. The pit into which he fell was very deep, and it was found impossible to draw him out. His driver obtained two or three large bundles of faggots, and throwing them in to him, succeeded in teaching him to place them at the bottom, which he at length learned. It was only necessary, therefore, to add to the number until he had raised himself near enough to the surface to scramble out, which he soon accomplished.

There are a great many elephants in the woods, in this part of India, but they are not so much esteemed as those which come from a warmer latitude; we have not met with any, although sometimes they are to be seen frequently enough, and have been known to come down and attack the tame ones.

When they are met in herds they are not prone to mischief, but a solitary one, driven perhaps for some breach of law from its associates, is generally ready to offend. It is some-

what appalling, when not quite prepared for the onset, to hear the crackling of the wood, as a wild herd rushes through it. In travelling through Assam, I have heard that this is frequently experienced. And in the interior of Ceylon, I have listened myself with astonishment to the tremendous sound. The elephants sometimes display a great deal of humour in their attacks. After having routed the party, who generally leave their goods behind, they amuse themselves by a most minute examination of them, and take real pleasure in their destruction.

I remember a narrow pass in the kingdom of Kandy being a long time guarded by one elephant, who determined to allow no one to go through it, without paying him tribute. On his first appearing at the mouth of it he had frightened a cooly laden with jaggray, a preparation of sugar; the fellow, throwing his burthen down, ran away. The elephant picked it up, and finding it excellent, resolved upon levying a similar tax upon all future travellers. As the pass was on the highway to Kandy, he could not have chosen a better position for his purpose;

and "no trust," although not written upon his gate, was distinctly enough notified to all passengers. The circumstance soon became generally known, and no cooly ventured to pass that way without having prepared a sop for the Cerberus who guarded it.

Nothing can exceed the caution with which the elephants move in doubtful ground. "Take heed, my child,—gently, my son," uttered in a warning tone by the Mahouts, they perfectly understand, and never make a false step, nor lead you unawares into a scrape. It is not an easy matter either to force them into any situation contrary to their own judgments. The most extraordinary gift of Providence to this animal is its perfect knowledge of its own weight, which infers a power of reasoning little less than that of the human race. How just, too, are the distributions of the God of nature, for without that faculty the elephant would move in continual danger!

May 12th. We sent our camels this morning at daylight to a space sufficiently large to contain our encampment, which had been described to

us as situated within a wood, in the neighbourhood of a small tomb, about five coss from the position we then occupied.

At seven o'clock we mounted our elephants, resolved upon taking a wider range, and shooting over the jungle we were to pass through. In an hour we had completely lost sight of cultivation, and had entered the thick Saul forest that bounds the plain of Hindostan without the hills. Within the woods we found a great number of beautiful peacocks, and killed several of them. They were in fine feather, and gave a most animated appearance to the otherwise gloomy scene. We frequently met them collected, in large flocks, in the clear spaces within the forest, or immediately on the skirts of it. They are very wild, and averse to rise on the wing; and run so fast, that it is by no means an easy matter to come within shot of them.

We traversed four or five miles of the wood, finding much difficulty sometimes, from our great height, to pass under the branches of the trees; and at length issued upon a narow gullet, having rising ground upon each side of it, thickly

wooded, with a small stream running through it. Here the hog deer were very numerous; and though not easy to see them from the length of the grass, we knew them immediately from the suddenness with which they rise, and the unsteadiness of their running. They keep their heads down, and shuffle along with great speed, affording a strong contrast to the grace and agility of the antelope, which we also met with. We had frequently killed some of the former, and found their flesh of a very agreeable flavour; that of the latter is rather coarse.

The only appearance of any thing approaching to a tiger, was in a distant view of some large animal of a similar colour, to which a portion of the party gave chace. It was most likely a hyæna, or leopard, both of which are to be found in plenty. They did not discover it, however. While they were in pursuit, another person and myself became entangled in the wood, for the guide had accompanied the chace, and were soon in as hopeless a state as the babes; for the day had passed away before we could extricate ourselves, and "when we saw the darksome night," we still "went

wandering up and down," with very little prospect of getting out of it. We had nearly exhausted all our powder in firing signals, when a native, engaged in carrying wood, at last shouted an answer to them. He had fortunately seen our encampment in the day, at the place we had directed it to—Bowanee Mut—and agreed to guide us to it. It was past ten at night before we reached it.

May 13th. At daylight this morning we found ourselves encamped so perfectly in the midst of the jungle, that we had some difficulty in moving fifty yards without being lost in the long grass that surrounded us. A dark forest rose on each side, and in its deepest shade stood the little tomb that gave its name to the place. It was erected to the memory of some saint, who was marvellously fond of solitude; and about it were a few sheds of leaves matted together, for the shelter of those who loved his memory. A faquir, of a most unpromising figure, has long presided over it, and a few old women have established a little bazaar for grain. I could not learn much of this saint from the guardian of his remains, who ought

to have been well versed in his history, for he declared he never quitted the spot, nor thought of any thing else. He had been a very good man, however, and possessed the faculty of charming beasts as well as men by his sanctity; for the faquir assured us, that the tigers esteemed him so highly, that they had always a representative at his tomb.

"It is no matter how many of the tigers may be killed that come here," said he; "for one still appears every Thursday night, to make a salaam: he stays till day-light, and then takes his leave."

We were well pleased to hear this, and resolved to waylay him on his journey. We had passed the whole of this day in a fruitless search for one; but it happened to be Wednesday.

The country we passed over was wild and beautiful in the extreme. Many of the scenes in the upper part of India may find parallels in Europe; but, fortunately, it would be impossible to meet with one to which the magnificent solitudes we were now in could be compared. A few deer, a great many black partridges, and a brace

of floricans, were the amount of our killed: the latter is a very fine bird; the cock has white wings, and the plumage of its back is not unlike a turkey's. Both birds are about the same size. Most of the ground we beat seemed so adapted to the lair of the tiger, that we felt convinced of finding some. We were frequently, too, thrown on the alert by the discovery of their foot-prints, but we found them not. The guide proposed leading us to a ruined tomb, that had been erected, like the one I have noticed, to the memory of a saint; for there, he said, we should be certain of sport, for a tiger never left it, the faquir having wisely abandoned the sanctuary to their keeping. It was indeed a most probable place. It stood on a little hillock, at the foot of which ran a brook, concealed by rushes. The crumbling monument was of brick, and it was overgrown by creepers of several species, while the grass was so high as to cover the elephants.

We hunted for a long time, but the watchman was off his guard. When about to retire, the elephants suddenly became uneasy, and, curling up their trunks, trumpeted the announcement of

an enemy.' Up rose a bear on his hind legs, as if to reconnoitre our proceedings; and then shuffled off so rapidly, that we could not get a shot at him. It was enough, however, to put our chargers' courage to the test, and we soon became routed. One large female elephant was so frightened, that she bore down upon the braver ones, (the phraseology of seamen may be properly adopted towards such large creatures,) and hugging them quite close, could not be forced away.

Neither the soothing nor the beating of the mahout had any effect upon her; and, at length, starting at something which sprung up before her, and which turned out to be a leveret, she made all sail for the rear; her tail up in the air, and her trunk curled like a horn above her head. It was impossible to stop her. She entered a wood, and the last we saw of her rider, he was fighting with the branches of the trees. We heard them crack around, as she dashed through them, when he, squatting down at the bottom of his howdah, submitted, as he best could, to his fate, expecting, every moment, to be lodged in one of the boughs, like a bird in his cage, where

he might have sung, with the starling, "I can't get out," for the rest of the day. He lost nothing by his flight; for we soon returned to the camp, where we found him safely bestowed. His elephant had never slackened her pace, nor turned aside, from the moment she started, but made directly through the forest to the place whence we set out, being a distance, as we computed, of nearly three miles. Her alarm was not removed by the absence of danger, for, suspecting a similar arrangement for the next day, she broke from her fastenings, and endeavoured to make her escape during the night. She was, however, soon brought back, and on taking the field again, was disgraced from the castle to the baggage.

Thursday morning. We set forth, at seven o'clock, to intercept the tiger, on his visit of ceremony to Bowanee Mut, although with little hope of success; for we had searched the ground well yesterday, notwithstanding we had been assured by the faquir, that on no other day had a tiger ever been found in the neighbourhood; and strange enough, we had not left the place a quarter of an hour, when we came upon him. He

was busily engaged in devouring the carcase of a hog deer, and sprung up so suddenly, that we were in a great measure taken by surprise. We could not have interrupted him in a better occupation for making him angry; and he looked magnificent, as with a roar, that made the woods echo, he plunged through the grass. A tremendous battery was immediately opened upon him, and a hot pursuit followed.

It was a most animating scene—"Chull, chull!" "forward, forward!" was the cry of the sportsmen, every one standing up with his gun ready, and following the animal's course through the grass with most anxious eyes. "My child, my son!" "My beautiful, my brave!" were uttered, in various tones, by the mahouts to the elephants, who trumpeted, and stamped, and rushed on, as if they were mad. The tiger roared and dashed along, till at last, coming to a stand, where the grass grew shorter, he received a shot that drove him desperate; then making a beautiful spring towards the nearest elephant, turned in the air, and fell. We hastened up to him, and giving three cheers, triumphed in his death. He measured nine feet.

from the nose to the origin of the tail, and had a most superb skin. So the fable of the faquir was in one respect realized. We did not fail to bag our game, and handed it over to a chumar, (skinner,) that accompanied us, upon a pad elephant, for the purpose of skinning whatever we might kill. Our baggage, camels, and servants, were within view at the time, and heightened the picture considerably.

About two o'clock we reached the spot we had chosen for our encampment, on the road to Saharunpore, from the Khère pass, the westernmost opening to the valley of the Dhoon. We found two "gaowallahs" (cowherds) waiting our arrival, to inform us, that an hour or two before, a tiger had destroyed one of their herd, within shot of our tents. We went to look at it, and found it lying dead. It had no wound that could have caused its death, but a small puncture in the jugular vein, from which the animal had drunk its blood. It bore the mark of a paw on the left flank, for by that blow it must have been knocked down. We had it moved to a clearer space, in hopes of intercepting the tiger

on his road to dinner, and at four o'clock set out for that purpose. After beating about till sunset, we were returning homewards in despair, when we perceived the beast a hundred yards or so before us, stealing quietly to his food. We made the same animated charge as before, till we were stopped by a ravine, the sides of which were well wooded. I crossed, while the others hunted along the opposite side. In a short time, my elephant became very violent, stamped, and tore up the ground with its tusks, and refused to move from the spot where it had stopped.

I had a most uncomfortable ride, and had the tiger sprung up, I could not have fired upon him, I was so engaged in holding on. I was more amused than ever by the coaxing expressions of the mahout: they succeeded, after some minutes, in making the elephant move on, when he became more quiet. I then had time to look about me, and perceived the tiger crouching, like a cat, about ten yards behind. He was lying so close, that my elephant had stood within a couple of feet of him, without my seeing him. I now, however, had a fine view, and for some

moments was loth to fire, he looked so beautiful. He seemed to know the disadvantage of rising, and to be disposed to lie still as long as permitted. I fired one shot, which appeared to hit him in the back, when he rose, with a tremendous roar, and instead of charging, as I anticipated, ran into the ravine. We were all in pursuit immediately; but it was now nearly dark, and we were soon forced to give it up. He escaped instant death, to suffer a lingering one, if I am right in my conjecture of having wounded him. On passing the carcase of the bullock, we had a proof of the keenness of the vulture's scent. An hour before not one was seen; nor was the place, being so wild and far removed from all habitations, likely to be haunted by them: yet now they thronged every tree in the neighbourhood, where they sat calmly enough, apparently waiting for a signal to attack. There could not have been less than four or five hundred.

I do not believe there is a more delightful sport than that we have been for a few days engaged in. If there be any danger in it, which I cannot think there is, it is just enough to add to

its interest. The first burst of a tiger, among the wild scenery in which it is found, affords one of the most animating and exciting moments that can be enjoyed, not excepting even that of a fox. When driven desperate by its wounds the animal stands at bay, or springs upon the head of one of the elephants and brings him to the ground by its weight; the general enthusiasm that ensues, with the wild and singular scene, is beyond all description.

On the banks of the Ganges I was one of a party of twelve, in the month of May, when we met with a very large tiger in long grass, that gave us an almost unparalleled chase of four hours. He crouched so low in the grass that our elephants frequently passed and re-passed him, till some of them were driven nearly mad. I never shall forget the uproar—the wheeling of the line—the fire that was kept up—the screaming and shouting;—all was tremendous. He was a bold tiger, and attacked three different elephants. In dropping from the head of the last, which he had brought to its knees, he received his death-wound. We had surrounded

him in a small circle, and witnessed his dying rage. I cannot say of him, "He died and made no sign," for his desire of revenge was clearly pictured on his countenance to the last gasp.

I have heard that lions afford even better sport, and in the west of India they abound. A gentleman, (Mr. Rae,) attached, I believe, as surgeon to Skinner's Horse, assured me that he had, in one season, killed forty-five in the province of Hissar alone. None of them was large, but he mentioned having met with one of uncommon beauty; its skin was of the usual tawny colour, but its mane a rich glossy black, as was also the tuft on the tail.

We had a singular adventure last night, though not a very rare one. After we had been some time in bed, and indeed asleep, a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with heavy rain and wind, arose so suddenly that it knocked down every tent and nearly smothered the sleepers. When I awoke I found myself so entangled in canvass that I feared I had got into my winding-sheet. On escaping, I found our encampment the most ludicrous scene possible. Most of the servants,

as they generally do, had fled for shelter, while their masters, in their shirts, were holding the weather-ropes of their tents, with as many natives as they could collect, to prevent their being carried quite away. Our passionate fellow-traveller, of whom I have before spoken, was now of great use, for he dashed after the skulkers, and soon brought them to the height of the fray. It thundered most violently, and poured with rain, while the wildness of the scene was heightened by the screaming of the hyænas around, which seemed from their clamour to be in great numbers. We were at least two hours before we could get our tents re-arranged, and then every thing was so wet, we thought it better to sit up for the rest of the night, and laugh over the scene.

From the mouth of the Khere Pass, where we had concluded our excursion in the jungle, instead of returning by Saharunpore, which had nothing interesting in it but the Botanical Garden, at this season of the year losing its high beauty, we resolved to choose a shorter journey across the country to Deobund, and sent for the

principal people of the next village; and questioning them about the route, learned that there was a very beautiful tope of mango trees about midway, that would suit us admirably to halt in; it was close to a village called Puneeala: To this spot, therefore, we dispatched our breakfast equipage, and started on horseback for it ourselves the next morning at day-light. We galloped quickly over the first half of the journey, and found the horses we had sent on as relays waiting for us beneath a large peepul-tree, on the banks of the Calinuddy, which we crossed.

The party in advance consisted of three, including myself. We had outridden the more sober portion, who kept the guide with them, and as they went forward, realized the fable of the hare and the tortoise. In half an hour after mounting our second horses, we found ourselves in so wide a plain, bounded only by the horizon, that we felt at sea, as it were, without a compass. Following something that resembled a foot-path, we continued at a canter, till, observing a countryman in his field, I rode up and asked him if we were going the right way to Puneealee; he replied

that we were, and, little dreaming so much depended upon a letter, we hastened on. It was growing very hot, and our horses and their riders were tired and hungry. It was terrible to look up, and still worse to look round. Noon had nearly approached, "the sun stood in a copper sky," and no tents appeared to comfort us.

About twelve o'clock we reached a pretty village, with a magnificent clump of mango trees beside it, in which there were crowds of peacocks and monkeys. The name of it was Puneealo. It was so much out of the way that its quiet inhabitants were confounded by our appearance, and, as it unfortunately fell, unushered by either camel or servant: we knew not what to do; but gathering from our questions that we were astray, the most intelligent person that could be procured, who turned out to be the village barber, was summoned to a conference. He bustled up to us with all the importance the only man of science in the place had a right to assume, and strapping his razor as he approached upon the palm of his hand, pronounced himself ready for the work. The whimsical, though characteristic

idea, that we had come in such a hurry, and so much out of our way, to be shaved by him, it was impossible to resist, and bursting into loud laughter, I fear we gave no very high notion of our intellects to the assembled "great ones of the city." The barber still strapped on, however, as resolutely as if he had been brought up in Doctor Beekerdyke's retreat, and perceived the necessity of keeping our heads cool. On informing him that it was his information we sought, and not his handy-work, he grunted a pompous assent, and packing away his materials, listened with a dignified composure to our demands. We learnt from him that there was a place about a coss from this called Puneealee, which was probably the village we sought; we hoped that it might be so, mounted once more, and setting off at a heavy canter reached it in half an hour.

Here again we were disappointed; this was a less frequented place than the other, and not a tree to shelter it. We told our tale to the head man of the place, who comforted us with the assurance that it must be Puneeali we were in pursuit of, which was three coss

further to the eastward; there was, to be sure, he continued, a village called Puneeala nearly fifteen coss or thirty miles to the westward, but it never could be that. This was indeed a discovery: it was now past one, and with tired horses we had to finish thirty miles. We returned to the first of the places that had so puzzled us, and on entering the shade of the mangoes, which we literally usurped from the monkies, we saw one portion of our caravan winding its melancholy way towards us.

In hopes that we might find something to eat and drink to refresh us, we hastily ordered an examination: a sleeping tent, a bottle of blacking, and a crate of dirty cooking-pots, formed the whole of our stray goods! We had nothing left but to gather as much smoky milk as we could find in the neighbourhood, and comforting ourselves with that, fell fast asleep. Our horses fared better; we obtained all we desired for them, and setting out again at sunset, it was nearly midnight before we reached the right Puneeala. Our companions had not been able to cook a dinner, for though they had the meat, we had the means.

We adopted the plan the next day of learning not only the name of the place we were to halt at, but that of all the surrounding and intervening villages on the route.

The villagers do not appear to be a very intelligent race, when such an adventure as I have related, obliges you to endeavour to draw them a little from their own peculiar occupations and thoughts. This may be a great deal owing to their difficulty in understanding the Europeans who speak to them; for, however fluently we may converse in Hindostanee, there must be a peculiarity in the accent that will puzzle the natives, not conversant usually with any dialect but their own. They cannot, however, assist you in the least, if you go even within a letter of the right word in asking a question. Although always disposed to be obliging, their vacant stare, when you find yourself thus at fault, denotes no power of reflection. Sometimes, I fear, their want of ability is mistaken for an unwillingness to serve, and they meet the reward of such conduct undeservedly. A ridiculous mistake occurred to myself when on

one occasion I lost my way in the Doab, going across from the Ganges to the Jumna. I reached a village about eight o'clock at night, and intending to ask for a guide, which in Hindostanee is (Doura,) I applied hurriedly for a river, (Derriou,) to show me on my way. Not being attended to, I grew somewhat hasty, and repeating in a louder tone the same unfortunate word, insisted upon its being brought to me directly. It was a small village, and my clamour brought all its inhabitants about me. "A river to run in that direction," cried I, pointing towards the west with my hand, while the villagers stood eyeing me with fear and astonishment.

At length the head man, mustering courage to approach, made a profound salaam, while the crowd gathered closely round him. "Maharaja!" said he, "mighty Sir, the Jumna flows in that quarter, while behind is Gungagee, the great Ganges. Our kia? What else would you desire? We have no river here—we are poor people," continued he, as if imploring my pardon for not having a stream of some sort to accommodate me. At first this harangue was

sufficiently incomprehensible, and if it had not been for the timely arrival of my fellow-traveller, whom I had left behind, I do not know how I should have escaped from my dilemma. On his clearing up the mystery, I must say that the villagers, although they could not perceive the mistake, were not backward in finding the joke. They left us, with shouts of laughter, to procure a guide, and as he approached, I overheard many witticisms at his expense, upon the new character I had unintentionally given him. I fear I have stamped a sobriquet upon him that will continue as long as he holds his useful office in the village.

The arrangement of guides, as well as the present police system of the country under the British, is admirable. There is no delay or difficulty in the villages on the regular route, even in the depth of the night. If travelling on horseback, the guide that trots before you, on nearing the post where he should be relieved, calls out with a loud voice, "Ho! a guide!" and instantly his successor comes from his hole, and salaaming to you, runs on, without uttering a syllable, with a blanket twisted about

his shoulders, and sometimes over his head, and a long pole in his hand. They are kept in such admirable wind by their offices, that they keep up with your horse at a trot for seven or eight miles.

April 28th.—Puneeala, after all our difficulty in finding it, was far from comfortable. The tope of trees in which we had pitched our camp, was so thick, that not a breath of air could reach us. We were forced to remove our beds from the shelter of the tents to the cooler one of the branches of the trees. In this manner we passed the night as agreeably as the stinging insects that abounded would permit. The moon was full, and the sky as clear as could be; it was therefore no punishment to lie awake and contemplate the scene. The midnight serenade in such a place is of the most terrible description—the howling of innumerable jackalls is never out of your ears from the minute night falls to the first dawn of day, for a feverish or restless sleeper no worse torture can be devised. Until I became familiar to the screaming sound, I used to start from my sleep, and fancy some ap-

palling calamity had driven the inhabitants of a neighbouring town to rush forth in fear and madness from their homes. Such frightful clamour might attend an earthquake or a deluge. The animals come close up to your very doors in large packs, and roar away without any apparent object, frequently standing a long time in one place, as a dog does when "baying the moon."

The hot winds are increasing in strength and heat every day, so it is not pleasant to be out after the sun has risen, for you breathe an air as hot as the breath of a furnace. By a little after seven we arrived at the town of Deobund, and took up the same ground by the side of the tank which we had occupied before, and which I have already described.

The season is too far advanced to render travelling any longer agreeable. Our party broke up, therefore, at this place, and hurried into Meerut, some on elephants, others in palanquins and on horseback; and on the 1st of May reached it, when it is necessary to commence a confinement, to continue through the hot weather. Reversing the order of nature in most

animals, that become dormant during the winter, we are forced to court a torpor for the body throughout the summer season, and I fancy, too frequently, the mind is also permitted to share in it.

CHAPTER VII.

Another visit to Hurdwar—The Valley of the Dhoon—Converted Servant—Ascent to the first range of the Himalaya—Eclipse of the Sun—A whimsical Breakfast—A Mistake and a Marriage—Landour—The Dripping Rock—Preparing to start...

In the height of the fair of 1828, I again arrived at Hurdwar on my route to the Himalaya mountains. I have given so long a description of its singular exhibitions, in my first visit, that I shall find little to say of it now. A scene that offers such inexhaustible variety, however, is never likely to grow tiresome to the traveller, whatever it may do in his description of it. I felt that I had become more familiar with the mysteries of the place, and thought that I detected old acquaintances in the merchants, and

increased veneration in the pilgrims, many of whom I had seen perform their devotions the year before.

In spite of the lesson I had received from the robbers, I chose the same shady spot without the limits of the fair. I escaped from the villainous odours of the bazaars, and the torments of the flies that are attracted by them; while the noise and din came to me softened by the distance. The most secluded spots in the neighbourhood, however, are not free from the intrusion of the merchants, who, although they have booths in the fair, love to carry their goods about to attract the notice of those who are too indifferent to seek them in the mart. When I did not move from my tent, all the treasures of the East were brought to me, and spread before my feet. Faquirs, in long strings, wound through the trees among which I was placed, and muttered the holy name in passing me; and in some snug retreat behind me were seated many merry parties, who whiled away the time with the tom-tom and the song. The "Chubook Suwars" horsemen, who serve in the fair to ride the

horses, and exhibit their paces to those who are inclined to purchase, curveted before me as well as the trees would permit; so, although removed from the great centre, I had a specimen of every thing that was to be seen there in constant succession, without moving in pursuit of it. A bold and hardy race of men, who would mount the wildest horse that ever yet was seen, attend in crowds about the fair to offer their services to show off a steed; and if you but look at one, in a moment he is backed by one of these assiduous jockeys. Their only badge of office is a whip, which they exercise with fearless power. The fair was said not to be so good this year as it was the last, and I resolved upon quitting it for the Dhoon before its business was at an end.

On the opposite side of the river to Hurdwar there is a range of hills, among which one bears the name of the Silver Mountain, (Chandee Pahar,) from its having a white altar to Mahadeva erected upon its summit. This shrine is a place of pilgrimage, and being so closely situated to the fair, receives many visiters, from amusement as well as devotion. The slope of the hill is beau-

tifully wooded, and the path to the goddess of rather difficult access. We crossed the river by the common ferry-boat, into which were crowded an amazing number of men, women, and children, proceeding to worship at its shrine. The Ganges at this season of the year is here divided into three branches, the stony bed being left dry in as many places by the shallowness of the water; the principal one is not more than one hundred yards across—the other two are very narrow. The point upon which Mahadeva's altar stands is about six hundred feet high.

A scrambling ascent of something more than two hundred feet, over ground that seemed to be well trodden by the bare-footed pilgrims, brought us to a small plain, over which we quickly passed, then ascending to another level, found a sloping road to the sacred goal. A few Ghorkahs, with their wives and children, reached the spot with ourselves; they were an interesting party, and belonged to the regiment of Hill-men stationed within the Dhoon. One of the girls was about eleven years of age, and remarkably pretty; she was many shades fairer than the

young ladies of the plains, who at her age are all affianced wives. There is an innocence and a simplicity in the girls of the East that, notwithstanding their complexions, amount very nearly to beauty. With them, however, that fleeting flower is even more transient than in the west: before they are twenty they begin to decline in appearance, and in four or five years more are really old women, and then they do indeed become ugly.

A faquir attended the altar, and our fellow-travellers immediately commenced their adoration. They offered incense to the goddess, which was burnt in a small earthen pot before her image—a rude picture of the divine dame, modelled in clay, and painted red. They repeated a short prayer, and walked three times round the altar. One of the women, who had lately lost a son, had come to offer a propitiation for his soul: this is a very pious office among the Hindoos, and never neglected. However sad the feeling their errors must give rise to, we cannot but think they sometimes "lean to virtue's side." Although we may lament the de-

lusions that induce the act, we cannot but view with interest the sacrifice of a child, who has wandered a weary pilgrimage to benefit his parents' souls, as he drops his simple oblation with the most unfeigned veneration into the bosom of the holy stream. One of the men then wrote the names of the party upon the back of the altar, for he said that Mahadeva came every day to see who had prayed at her shrine, and copied their names into her book. We proposed to leave our names also for the recording angel's volume, but they declared she could not read the character. We suggested the possibility of her having a pundit in her court, who would interpret our names to her. At this they smiled, and replied, they had never thought of that, but doubtless Mahadeva knew all.

We found the descent a great deal more perplexing than the ascent: we returned, indeed, by another road, and had to scramble like monkeys down a precipice of sixty feet in height at least; at the bottom of it was a small lake, within a hollow of the mountain: its precincts were holy, for on the water's edge was a larger

figure of the divinity, in the same coarse manner as the one that presides over the summit, and with as little of the goddess in it.

On the branches of the trees above this lake were a number of bees'-nests: the insects appeared to be swarming, and the natives made signs to us to be quiet, lest our voices should draw them upon us. It was a sufficiently dangerous passage, and we passed it with the silence and caution of travellers over the glaciers of the Alps. Had we drawn an avalanche of bees about our ears the consequences would have been little less fatal. At the end of this pass there was a small temple, in very uninterrupted solitude. The brahmin who presided at it might have been the keeper of the bees, for we saw no other living things about him that could be turned to use: birds there were in plenty, but they were far beyond his reach—the jungle fowl, black partridge, and a few pheasants. It was in all respects what Lord Byron calls "A populous solitude of birds and bees."

On coming to the margin of the river again, the fair presented an animated and interesting

spectacle. We had set out very early, and the merchants and their goods were still in repose; now, however, all were again collected. A great portion of the fair seemed to be held in the bed of the river, as well as on the banks of it; and we had, in crossing, a grand display of bathers, at the foot of the sacred ghaut. This is a very fine flight of stone steps, built at the expense of the Company. A small temple stands on one side of a platform at the top of them; while on the other is a row of little apartments, nearly level with the water, in which the Brahmins usually reside: they are generally white-washed, and decorated with red mouldings or cornices within and without. Crowds of these portly personages are seated at the doors, to perform their mysterious rites; and I have heard strange tales of the manner in which they abuse their sacred offices. As I do not propose, however, to propagate scandal against them, I will pass them over in silence. The women occasionally deposit their ornaments with these priests when they descend to the river to bathe; and the pro-

fane declare, they often find difficulty in recovering them.

Until the government constructed the ghaut that now gives so much facility to the pilgrims, a visit to Hurdwar was attended with great danger, particularly on every twelfth year, when it is held highly meritorious to bathe in this spot. At a precise moment, calculated by astronomers, the sacred shell sounds, and all rush to the river, carrying every body they meet in their course with them. At the last grand festival, several hundreds were crushed to death; and the soldiers who were placed at the ghaut to prevent confusion, were swept into the river, and drowned.

After the ablution is complete, the pilgrims, with their transparent scarfs about them, move up the stairs to the temple, touching every step with the back of the right hand, and then placing it on the forehead, and, possibly, muttering a prayer at the time. Within the temple, at the top of the stairs, is a large bell, which is rung continually while the ceremony of bathing lasts. The European visiters, mounted upon elephants,

frequently ride into the water, where they may stand above the scene, and gaze without interruption upon it.

The road into the valley of the Dhoon is a very fine one, cut over the river in the bosom of the hills, and built up with masonry on the outward side. Above it is a prettily-situated bungalow, which commands a magnificent view of the winding river, and the hills around it. At the end of this pass, and just beneath the hill, stands a large lake, by the banks of which there is a small pagoda. It is very retired and pretty; and several English visiters had pitched their tents near it, in order to be away from the dust and tumult of the fair.

I observed a small door, cut in the rocky summit of the hill, over the lake, and about twenty feet above it, to which many people were ascending, by ladders fastened at its threshold. Garlands of flowers hung round it, and an aromatic smell, on approaching it, gave intelligence of some dark mystery being performed within it. It was the sanctuary of the god of fruitfulness; and many wives were engaged in imploring the

blessing of a progeny. I did not venture to intrude, on discovering to whom it was sacred; and indeed my near approach seemed to cause some uneasiness among those who waited around it.

A regiment of Ghorkas, natives of Nepaul, who have the reputation of being remarkably brave soldiers, was marched into Hurdwar during the fair, from Dehra, the capital of the valley, which is their principal station. They are very properly trained and dressed as riflemen, and reminded me much of the Malay corps in the island of Ceylon: their complexions and features are perfectly like that people, and seem to me to form a gradation between the Chinese and the Tartar. I never saw more really good-humoured looking men, and I understand their countenances do not belie their dispositions. Many instances of their courage were afforded by the late Nepaul war; particularly in the surprise of one or two of our posts at night, when they rushed to the attack of superior parties to their own, frequently pressing so close, as to cut our men over their firelocks with their singularly-

shaped swords. The European dress becomes them, I think, more than it does any other class of natives. To the handsome men of the Rajpoot caste it is a great disfigurement. I have often regretted that some more suitable costume had not been introduced among them, than the ill-made jacket, and scanty trowsers, that they are condemned to wear. When in their own loose dress, they have the most graceful figures possible. When I see them in uniform, I am reminded too much of the pictures painted upon targets, at which recruits are taught to fire. They are as fine and well-disciplined a race of men, forgetting their colour, as can be anywhere found; and if their uniforms were more suitable to their habits and appearance, would be increased tenfold in value.

Doewallah, which is about eighteen miles from Hurdwar, was the name of the ground on which we encamped the first day of our halting within the valley of the Dhoon. The road, after passing the lake I have mentioned, was for some time level; it then wound over a richly wooded hill, making one of the most beautiful passes I ever

beheld, not excepting even the manificently wild one within a short distance of Kandy in Ceylon, which I had always considered the most superb piece of eastern scenery in the world. The view from this pass, however, far exceeded it. It was bounded by the Himalaya mountains—the snowy range, white and clear as possible. The sun had not long risen, and I could gaze without being dazzled at all the beauties it illuminated. Below and above the road was thickly wooded, and displayed a great variety of foliage, while the creepers, that are so numerous and so rich in this country, wound about the rocks and the trees in the loveliest manner. The great contrast from the sameness of the plains gave the scene a double charm. We could easily understand why the green vales of Arabia are so precious to the Arab.

We passed through a considerable jungle, after we had quitted this passage, with now and then some patches of cultivation, and about ten o'clock found our tents pitched on a clear spot near the road, not very far from a rest-house and police-station (or chokee). Behind us was a

rapid trout stream, from which we caught several fish, and, though small, they were exceedingly good.

From this spot we enjoyed a very fine view of the hills, and could perceive many tents perched upon the different peaks, as if they had been flying in the air. At night, the fires about them burning like signal-lights, with the blaze among the long grass, which is purposely fired, and which runs at this season like a train along the hills, had a beautiful effect. I have heard that the burning of the grass is sometimes caused by the friction of the dried reeds and leaves, which, during the present parched period of the year, never fails to kindle a flame. This may be the case, but the mountains are seldom, I fancy, without moisture enough to prevent it.

We found a string of mules just preparing to start from the rest-house, when we arrived this morning. They belonged to an English clergyman, who was on his route to Kunawur, a province beyond the snowy range, and without the Pass of Burunda; the crest of which is fifteen thousand feet above the sea. It leads, through

the country of the shawl wool goat, (Oondest,) to Chinese Tartary, at the frontier village of which it is necessary to return, or run the risk of being carried state prisoner to Pekin.

The reverend gentleman had crossed the Sutlege last year, and gave an amusing description of the manner of passing it. Sometimes the guide rides over upon an inflated goat-skin, (a boracha,) while the traveller sits quietly upon his shoulders. The other method is adopted, I think, in South America: the passenger sits in a species of swing, which is suspended from a rope that stretches across the stream, and is thus towed over.

We were very much interested in the appearance of the principal servant of the clergyman, who seemed to be more useful and intelligent than any native I had ever met with. He was a remarkably handsome man, and had the bearing of a high brahmin. He was, however, a Christian, and not long since had been baptized by his present master. He was a sort of Haji Baba, and before he offered himself for baptism, had experienced many strange adventures. In his early

days, (he seemed to be now about forty,) he had been a soldier, and had served in Java, which is always a matter of great pride to a native. When he obtained his discharge, he became a mendicant priest and wandered about the country. He had visited every shrine of note for sanctity in the east, from Thibet to Cape Comorin, and found his errant life, I have no doubt, a very delightful one.

One day, when performing his prayers in the Ganges, an Englishman passing down the river, happened to stop close by him, and entering into conversation, presented him with a translation of some portion of the Scriptures, or a religious tract, I do not remember which: he was then journeying to Bhurtpore, where, for some offence, he was cast into prison. The perusal of this new book solaced him in his confinement, and by his own account wrought in him a great change. On being liberated, harassed by his doubts, he went to the college of Benares to consult the learned brahmins on the subject of his newly-acquired knowledge. He could hardly have gone to a worse place. They gave him the only reply he could have expected:—"Throw

away the book or you will lose your caste." He was resolved, however, and applied to the chaplain to baptize him. Unfortunately in such applications there is always much to mistrust. It was necessary to make every inquiry about his character, and it turned out that he bore the reputation of great piety as a brahmin. To prove his determination to be one no longer, he took the sacred thread from his shoulder, and tearing it in pieces, brought it to the clergyman, and said, "Now I will no longer be a brahmin, you cannot refuse my wish." He was at length gratified, and has as yet given no cause for doubting his sincerity. He has undergone some little persecution, too; he has had many taunts to bear, and blows to submit to, since he has been in service as a Christian. Upon one occasion, when riding on a message for his master, he stopped at a Serai to bait his pony, and something in his appearance exciting the suspicions of the people belonging to it, they questioned him about his caste; he confessed himself a convert to a better faith, and boldly denounced their infidelity. His hearers were not disposed to a controversy, and

soon raised a clamour against him; the whole village was alarmed at the uproar, and, hastening to the scene, took part in the sentence of expulsion, which was immediately pronounced upon him. He narrowly escaped with his life, and was forced to abandon his pony to the mercy of the champions of Brahma.

He had completely thrown aside all prejudices, and seemed to be a perfect factotum, full of bustle, and, I thought, no little self-importance. As he had visited all the places of pilgrimage within the mountains, he promised to be a good guide to his master, if he answered no other purpose.

There is a degree of ostentation among those men who are "dressed in a little brief authority" in the East that is perfectly ludicrous; they possess more than any other nation in the world the pride of place; and the fuss with which this gentleman dispatched his mules and coolies, looking under his eyelids at us for applause, while he harangued those beneath him, showed that he enjoyed his full share of it.

A great portion of our baggage was unfortu-

nately carried in hackeries. We had not been able to obtain sufficient camels for the whole party, and, as frequently happens, those things we most required were packed in the slowest conveyance; our tents, therefore, were unfurnished until long past midnight; for one of the leading carts having met with an accident in the beginning of the journey, delayed the others, and I have no doubt the drivers sat quietly round the ruins for some time, smoking all thoughts of our forlorn situation away. We were obliged in consequence to halt a second day at Deowallah.

The surrounding country is wild, and full of black partridges (we have not seen any gray ones since we entered the Dhoon) and jungle fowl; there are also many deer, with tigers and leopards in abundance. I heard this morning of an officer having had a serious rencontre with one of the former, while engaged in shooting deer; he had wounded one, and was pursuing it, as it limped away from him, with his gun upon his shoulder; in leaping over a small drain, he interrupted a tiger at his meal, who immediately sprung upon him, and endeavoured to seize him by the cheek. For-

tunately the gun intervened and he was saved; some of his people running up, screamed aloud and scared the animal away. His shoulder I heard was much torn, but his cheek escaped with a kiss; the barrels of his gun served to gag the tiger, which left the marks of his teeth upon it, for they were, I learnt, literally bitten through.

This morning we rode to Dehra, the capital of the valley, which stands on a plain in the centre of it. The houses are generally European; bungalows with gardens round them, after the usual manner of cantonments in the upper provinces. This is the head-quarters of the Ghorka rifle corps, that I have noticed before. All about it is well cultivated. We are encamped in a tope, or grove of trees, beyond the town, at the skirts of a field of very fine wheat, in which stands a white pillar to the memory of some officers who were killed at Kullunga, which hill stands immediately above it. The fort that was erected upon it is now dismantled—scarcely a stone remains. It was sad to think that so trifling a place should have cost so much blood. General Gillespie, who was the commander of

the expedition, fell here: a monument is erected to him in the churchyard of Meerut. Kullunga is the first day's march from the valley to Budrinath, by an entrance to the mountains, which is not so generally used, since the occupation of the range above Rajpoor by the British.

The centre of the Dhoon, in which we are now encamped, is considerably higher than Hurdwar, one thousand three hundred feet: we have reached it without the appearance of making any ascent. The mountains which bound it, so effectually prevent the approach of the hot south-west winds, that we have experienced a delightful change in the climate already. A rapid stream rushes by the side of the road near us, which calls all the damsels of the neighbouring villages to its margin, to exercise their proper duties of drawing water for their household. They are much fairer than the women of the plains, and less averse to display their beauties. Their villages are so secluded, that it is difficult to conjecture whence they come: a narrow road between two high banks leads to

one of the nearest, and the women pass backwards and forwards in strings like ants, and are fully as earnest in their business. There are a great number of topes of trees in the neighbourhood, in one of which is the encampment of a very high civil officer, superintendent of police in the upper provinces, who is on his route to Jumnoutri. Three hundred Hill-men are seated on their haunches around his tent, looking wild and astonished at all they perceive. They arrived this morning from the interior of the mountain districts to carry his baggage, and are busily preparing to start—in which preparation, with them, as with those of a lower region, talking seems to be the principal feature.

It is not to be supposed that travellers in the East sacrifice any portion of their comforts or luxuries when they quit their houses to lead wandering lives in tents—on the contrary, they appear to increase them. Men of great authority and large means—which terms, by-the-bye, are nearly synonymous—move with a splendour that cannot easily be conceived in the dull West. I hope the gentleman of whom I write will excuse

my citing him as an example. He had, among other elegances, a piano in his tent; and as each hill cooly carries from thirty to forty pounds, I think three hundred will be able to procure him all that can be desired in his more arduous trip over the mountains.

The valley of the Dhoon is, I believe, as quiet and as happy as such a lovely and sequestered spot should be. The magistrate, whom I saw at Hurdwar, dressed, by-the-bye, in something between the English and native costume, is very highly praised for the good he has effected since he has been within the Hill districts; and he seems, as far as I can yet judge, to have a tractable people to deal with. He is averse, I have heard, and perhaps in some respects properly so, to too general a rage for visiting the mountains.

The English, who are at all times very peremptory and capricious in their travelling habits, have been sometimes a little rough and exacting towards the peaceable inhabitants of these territories, which cannot be sufficiently lamented, for they are the most willing creatures

possible, and are not likely to be improved or fitted for civilization by receiving unfavourable impressions of those who are destined to effect it.

We rode in little more than an hour this morning to Rajpoor, where we found every thing in the greatest bustle. Since the arrival of the invalid detachments at Landour, a large bazaar has been established in this place, and coolies are constantly ascending the Hill with sacks of meal and other matters. We sometimes gain a view of long strings of them winding round magnificent crags, which appear to hang over deep precipices. Their diminutive figures, seen at that distance, remind me of the moving pigmies that are occasionally introduced to heighten the scenery of a melodrama.

Within a thick forest beside Rajpoor we heard there were a great many pheasants, and set forth in pursuit of them. We went on foot, and after passing the heat of the day in an arduous chase, returned exhausted, without having had the satisfaction of seeing even one. The only living things we disturbed were a few Guianas sheltering themselves under detached fragments of rock from the

strength of the sun, which was so great that not even the lizard tribe could venture to bask in it.

Rajpoor is three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, and six hundred above Dehra; being so closely situated beneath the high mountains, on one side, while all the others are surrounded by thick forests, it is the closest and least liable to be relieved by a current of air, of any spot I ever had the ill-fortune to pass a few hours in. Many of the trees in the adjoining woods are very large and beautiful, particucularly some of the Toon. The Landour range is five thousand feet above this village, and about two hours' walk from it.

On the afternoon of the 12th of April, I quitted the Valley of the Dhoon, which in all respects deserves the name of beautiful. It lies between the Himalaya mountains and a low range that bounds it towards the plains, and serves as an outer wall to the formidable fastnesses that divide India from Tartary and Thibet. It has every variety of scenery, and the Ganges and Jumna flow through it.

Rajpoor, even if the proximity to the moun-

tains had not made us impatient to ascend them, was in too great a bustle to tempt us to linger there. Felling of wood, blasting of rocks, and all the indications of new roads and a new settlement, made it a busy scene. It is the first season of the convalescent depôt for the European troops being established on the ridge of Landour; as yet it is merely an experimental one, and all are anxious for its success, and active in endeavouring to promote it.

I had borrowed a ghoont, or hill pony, and about four o'clock commenced my ascent to Missoura-ka-teeba, the name of the line of peaks to the westward of Landour. The roads were yet unfinished in many parts, but it was surprising how my pony contrived to scramble over every obstacle. I soon found the proper way would be to leave all to him. These animals are so sure-footed, that they never betray their rider's trust, though they may occasionally shake his nerves; for creeping to the very edge of the precipice, they show him upon how slight a thread his safety hangs;—but one false step, and where would the traveller be?

The roads are not well traced, which is a great pity; for equal labour, the natural obstacles being few, would make a pass to rival the celebrated passes of the Alps. I do not despair, however, of seeing a carriage road, some day yet, to the depôt; and the source of the Jumna may become a fashionable watering-place, for one lady has already braved, and overcome, its difficulties.

As we rose above the vale, and wound round the hills, we changed the aspect delightfully; and every beauty that we lost was succeeded by greater beauties still; at length, on reaching Gerree Panee, a small plain about midway up, the Dhoon was lost to our view. Here we found ourselves in a new region, among raspberries and cherry-trees, wild roses and blackberries! On a little peak, above where a small mountain-spring falls into a fountain, are a few huts; and the only clear spot round about is an area of two or three acres, beneath the height on which they stand.

This ground is generally chosen as the first day's halting-place for the invalids, who are ascending the hills in pursuit of the health they

lost in the plains. Many, no doubt, will have cause to bless it, for the air is pure and delicious. It has already, however, been marked as the last stage on earth for one whose race was closed last night. There is something extremely melancholy in the desolation of the spot, where one, who had passed so many scenes of danger, had come to die at last. He had been in nearly every battle from Talavera to Waterloo; and but a short time ago had escaped from the most appalling calamity,—for he was on board the Kent East Indiaman, when she was burnt,—to be buried where no Christian ever lived, and none before him ever died! When Napoleon, however, lies on the rock of St. Helena, it is unnecessary to moralize on the fate of a British captain!*

On quitting this spot, the road becomes more steep, and the scenery more wild. It was evening when we reached Missoura. The height of

* Captain Sir Charles Farrington, 31st Regiment. I hope I may be excused this passing tribute to the memory of a brother officer, whose tomb, if erected as it was intended, will, in all probability, give his name to the spot.

this range above Rajpoor is about five thousand feet, and eight thousand above the level of the sea. The thermometer, at the foot of the hills, stood, in my tent, at 90°: it was here only 52°. It seemed like changing suddenly from summer to winter, so intense was the cold during the night.

April 15th. One of our first days on the mountains was distinguished by an eclipse of the sun, which I hope bodes no evil. It was visible for about an hour, ending, I think, at half-past four P. M. It did not seem to create any sensation among the Hill people, who were scattered about at their work, as if the sun had been shining as usual. In the plains, the Hindoos, on the banks of the Ganges, hasten to the stream upon such an event, and standing in it, wait till the eclipse is at its height, then dip their heads in the water, and taking some in their hands, throw it towards the sun, as if to purify him from the evil spirit that had cast a veil over his splendour. I have never observed the Mahometans of India similarly occupied; but in Upper Egypt, some years ago, while enjoying myself, on

a moonlight night, among the splendid ruins of Luxor, a large mob of Arabs had collected round the building, and seemed to be, waiting, with anxious expectation, for some great marvel that was to occur in the heavens, for their eyes were all turned upwards. There was an eclipse of the moon; and the moment it commenced, a loud murmur arose among the people, increasing till it was at its height. The planet was but half concealed, and then arose a tumult that perfectly deafened me. I mixed among the people, who were menacing the moon with frightful gestures, shouting, to the utmost of their power to the devil, to abandon his prey. "Satan, avaunt!" was the universal cry through the desolate colonnades of Thebes. Such a singular scene, acted upon such a spot, could not easily be forgotten.

As the most ignorant are likely to be the most fanciful, I expected to learn some additional absurdity from the behaviour of the Hill men; but their philosophy disturbed itself little about a matter that occurred so far from them.

There were no houses completed yet on the ridge; and the officers and soldiers, with all

those who had arrived for their health, were still in tents. Every thing was very wild about them; and a little specimen of the domestic arrangement of one, with whom I went to breakfast this morning, will show that their ménage was not quite in high order. On preparing to sit down, we found that the goats who were to give us milk had run away to the highest crags, and were browzing upon almost inaccessible places. We decided upon a chace, and scrambled in pursuit of them. My host, I found, was well accustomed to the sport, for it had been his daily exercise since his arrival. In an hour we succeeded in driving them down, and had the mortification, on our return, to see a greyhound scampering away with the only provision from the larder. This, I learnt, as well as the goat-hunt, was a daily occurrence: the whole establishment being engaged in pursuit of milk, left the coast clear to the dogs, who were ever on the alert to take advantage of their absence.

I must certainly commend my friend for his hospitality, although I confess his intentions were not so well fulfilled as a hungry traveller could

desire. His tent is placed beneath a high peak, that shelters him from the north wind, which, passing over the snowy mountains, blows extremely cold. The trees on the northern side are bare and blasted, while all to the south is luxuriant and beautiful. The southern slope, too, is covered with the rhododendron, in flower, with no intermixture of pines; while, on the opposite side, the firs are in great number, with very few other trees.

Neither the expense nor trouble of building is very great—there is abundance of timber around, which it is only necessary to cut down some time previously, and leave on the ground to season. Bricks may be made close at hand, or a house may spring at once from the quarry, if stone be more desirable. Labour, I fancy, is moderate, and plenty enough; although the ingenious portion of the workmen must come from the plains. A small village of thatched huts is already established within the limits of the post, where there is a sufficient bazaar for the use of the soldiery.

The only unfortunate circumstance attending

the place is the difficulty of procuring water. We can hear it roaring around, but find no means of drawing it towards us, but by the tedious carriage of mules. I hear there is a wide plain on the summit of a range to the north-east of this, in the centre of which stands a good-sized lake. Such a position would be admirable for the purpose, although, perhaps, adding another day to the journey from the plains would neutralize any advantage to be derived from a finer situation.

"The hills are white over with sheep;" we have therefore abundance of mutton; but consideration for the prejudices of the natives has prevented the slaughter of beef: indeed the butchers have refused to kill cattle, lest some revengeful mountaineer should subject them to the same death. This difficulty will wear away, no doubt, and "the divinity that doth hedge" a cow will at length be broken through in the Himalaya, as it has long been in a more holy vicinity—the city of Benares. Although the venerated animal is not slain within the limit of that sacred town, the cantonment of Secrole, within two or three miles, is, I fancy, frequently

enough stained with the precious blood. It would be whimsical to uphold, that eating beef would tend to the civilization of any class of people; but when we consider that in doing so we overcome some of the greatest prejudices of a false religion, I think much advantage may be gained by it: the outworks being carried, the citadel will surrender the sooner. This is a motive for those who love the fare of old England to continue their devotion to it, which, perhaps, may not yet have occurred to them; I am happy, therefore, to suggest it.

The effect that the climate of the hills has already had upon the children is most astonishing. Their rosy cheeks, so rare generally in the plains, would rival those of the healthiest country babes in England. Already many families have arrived since the snow has cleared away, and many have chosen sites for houses to be built next spring. This is done something after the manner of taking possession of a barren island—the first discoverer leaves a mark of some description to warn a future visiter that the government of the

spot has been already assumed by a more fortunate navigator.

In roaming among the hills to-day, I met with the string of mules belonging to the clergyman I had seen in the Dhoon. While winding round the most precipitate spot, the leading one suddenly disappeared; and I soon saw him rolling over and over to the bottom of a deep precipice. His panniers broke from his back, and went bounding away before him, bursting open in their flight, and spreading all their contents abroad. They contained not only the treasure of the gentleman, but some scientific instruments; and we watched them with great interest, hoping that every tree they rested against would stop their course: they seemed, however, only to pause for a good leap; and we learnt, from an occasional faint echo, that they were continuing a weary journey long after we lost sight of them. The poor mule, disencumbered of its load, saved itself before it had fallen more than half way beyond ken, and escaped with a few bruises.

Although the Europeans had been so short a

time on the hills, there was still something for a clergyman to do; there were several children to christen, and neither Hymen nor the god of love had thought it too cold a region to take beneath their wings.

On my ascent from Rajpoor, I was overtaken by a fine young man, a European serjeant, superintending the roads, who "presuming," as he said, "that I was a reverend gentleman," had to beg my aid in joining his to the hand of some sable, or to speak more poetically, some nut-brown maid, whose charms had enlivened these bleak retreats, and whose heart—"for stony limits cannot keep love out"—had yielded even among the cold, flinty rocks of Landour. I must take his mistake as a compliment to myself, although the church could scarcely have approved of such a son; a broad-brimmed straw-hat with a pair of mustachios should not have suggested such an application to the serjeant.

Half-caste women are frequently chosen by the British soldiers for their wives, and I believe they make extremely good ones. In habits and morals, I am sorry to say, they are far before

our own country women of the same class in the East, and the domestic comforts of the two families are not to be compared. Soldiers are sometimes allowed to select them from the Government School in Calcutta, without, I have understood, any previous acquaintance. The blushing maids are drawn out in a favourable light, and formed into "a line of beauty," when the Cœlebs are introduced; and a tantalizing position, I dare say, they find themselves in: they are not long, however, in fixing upon their mates, and the marriages turn out generally very well. They reap the advantage, in such matches, of Mrs. Malaprop's consolatory scheme, for, like that erudite lady, their governors think that "preference and aversion do not become a young woman," and give them no opportunity of beginning their career with either.

Such unsentimental wooing, however, is little worse than the custom that has long prevailed in the land of music and of song—romantic Italy; their courtships are nearly as abrupt, and, in justice to those of whom I particularly write, I must say, their marriages are not half so com-

mendable, for the half-caste women generally behave with great propriety.

During the mornings I fancied, when roaming over the hills, that I had been transported by some good genii from India to Europe. I recognized with pleasure, as old acquaintances, daisies, cowslips, primroses and violets — raspberries, strawberries, cherries and peaches—walnut-trees, figs and mulberries. It was a luxury, none who have not experienced can appreciate, to be able to wander about all day long without a shelter from the sun, or without feeling fatigue from the exertion. The resident of Bengal, who gallops to his home the moment the sun rises the least above the horizon,—as if Phæton were whipping the steeds of Apollo in pursuit of him,—finds himself, after a few day's enjoyment of mountain air, quite a different being; and the poor soldiers, who would have pined in the hospital till past all hope of benefit, have in the thriving establishment at Landour an opportunity of regaining their strength before it is so utterly gone as to render the words 'invalided' and 'buried' nearly synonymous. The country—for saving lives is confer-

ring a benefit—is mainly indebted to the late commander in chief Lord Combermere, for the Convalescent Depôt at Landour; and the army of the East will have reason to be grateful to his lordship for his exertions in so humane a cause —for founding a temple to health, where the ravages of sickness are so keenly felt. No spirit of economy, I hope, will invade its precincts. This remorseless demon, I know, is hovering over the luxurious East, but may its craving be satisfied by some trifling privations; and may the advantages gained to the service by the timely saving of valuable lives, and the consideration that where many important functionaries would have returned for several years to England, a few months may now suffice to restore them to their duties,—not only weigh with the Government to maintain, but to improve and increase it.

In a part of the world so wild, and some years ago so little known, it is an object of high interest to see an English colony arising. The progress of the British arms has been so rapid, and the addition of territory so extraordinary within the last thirty years in the East, that we cease to

view any new acquisition with surprise. Where our dwellings, however, rise to the skies, and we creep gradually into the bosom of "the snowy Imaus which roving Tartar bounds," we cannot fail to notice the progress of civilization without pride.

Landour and Missoura form the first line of mountains; the first-named point being some degrees higher than the latter. It is a range of successive peaks, so irregularly placed, that if you stand upon any one of them you appear to be the centre of a circle of others. Mr. Fraser, in his "Tour of the Himalayah," published about ten years ago, likens them to pointed waves just on the eve of breaking; and a better simile could not be found. The summits of those peaks are the sites of the newly-commenced buildings; they are generally abrupt and rugged, and their sides descending nearly perpendicularly into gloomy chasms that appear to have no bottom. The sides of these precipices, however, are rendered less sombre by thick woods of the spear-leaved oak, enlivened by the arborescent rhododendron, now in full flower. The new houses crown the tops; and each in appearance

a little island surrounded by a deep ravine, its farm-yard about it affords, particularly at night, when all are lit up, a most picturesque scene.

There are many inconveniences in these new abodes yet to overcome. Water, from their peaked shapes, is not to be found above; it flows only in the glens below. And as the labour of a visit to a higher neighbour will to an invalid be very great, he must reckon upon being many minutes before he can even say "How d' ye do?" after having gained the castle above him. A barrack is to stand the lowest; the commandant's house the highest, and some hundred feet the difference between them. The snowy range is visible from the north-east point of Landour, and magnificent it is; the sight of it every day kept alive my impatience to approach it. I hastened my preparations, and on the 1st of May was fortunate enough to assemble my guides and coolies, all apparently as anxious as myself; to make a pilgrimage to Gungoutri.

We experienced two or three violent storms while remaining on this range. During one in which a heavy shower of hail fell, the thermo-

meter sunk nine degrees in fewer minutes—from seventy-five to sixty-six degrees, it rose again as rapidly. Although it was not more than four o'clock in the afternoon when the hail fell, it was still on the ground the following morning; a proof of the coldness of the night-air. There was little probability of our rest being interrupted either by the heat or musquitoes.

While my baggage was undergoing an alteration for its novel journey, I descended the hill to Rajpoor, thence crossed several ravines, and passed along the beds of others to visit "Sansadhara," or the dripping-rock, a singular phenomenon, situated at the head of a dell, through which a rapid stream runs, between two lines of hills towards the valley of the Dhoon. It is an overhanging rock, about fifty feet high, through which water pours from above, in innumerable little streams, like a perpetual shower of rain! The never-abating action of the water has worn the rock into many fantastic shapes; and, crusting round the moss and fibres of the roots of trees, has given to it almost the appearance of a spar cavern. In several places the water has worn

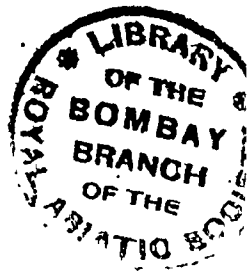
little reservoirs for itself, which are always full. It is cool, clear, and pleasant to the taste. As all things out of the common course of nature are endowed by the Hindoos with something of a sacred character, Sansadhara is the resort of pilgrims who are on their way to spots of higher veneration, both from their character and situation. They offer their prayers to Mahadeo, to whom it is dedicated, and perform their ablutions in the holy cisterns, and, though last, not the least essential of their duties, leave their mite with the brahmin who protects it.

The 2nd of May was passed in the greatest activity, and among a most extraordinary race of beings. I had succeeded, after much trouble, in getting sixty bearers for my baggage and tents, and had more difficulty to load them, than I should have had with so many wild elephants. The weight they usually carry is from fifty to sixty pounds: some can bear as much as eighty. The burthen is supported on the back, and kept on by a strap passing over the points of the shoulders, nothing crossing the breast. It never falls lower than the hips, but it frequently rises

to two or three feet above the head. It is necessary that it should be very narrow, never extending beyond the shoulders; for the paths are barely wide enough to allow the men to pass; and the smallest projection, by coming in contact with a pointed rock, or even a tuft of heather, may precipitate the bearer and his load to the bottom of some fathomless precipice, so fearful are the places over which it is necessary to scramble.

I had had many baskets made, of about four feet high, and one foot broad, into which I packed my food and clothes. My tents were divided into ten parts. I endeavoured to allot my baggage in the most even manner among the bearers, but that attempt alone induced them to object to carry it. Many would leave lighter loads to take up heavier ones, merely to show that they must have a choice of their own. If I insisted upon their moving, they would sit coolly down on the ground, and declare they would not lift so great a weight for any consideration. One or two took up either a chair or tea-kettle, and insisting upon it they were heavy enough, set off with them.

I had been threatening and coaxing for three or four hours without effect, and almost abandoned the expedition in despair, at its outset; when I overheard one of my servants praising the shoulders and limbs of a stout, naked fellow, who was sulking by his load, and saying, he wondered so fine a figure should not be able to move what a little man like him could lift so easily. He had discovered the secret spring; and the mountaineer rising with a smile, took up his burthen, and pronounced himself ready to proceed. I took the hint, and commenced an assault once more under that powerful engineer, flattery. I praised their forms, and admired their strength, with as much show of rapture as a connoisseur would display in behalf of the Apollo or Hercules. They assumed the greatest good-humour, seeing, however, into my meaning, and soon stood ready for departure. To any thing like severity they are intractable—violent if you irritate—obstinate, to the utmost degree, if you abuse them. To good-humour they yield every thing; and I considered myself very fortunate in making so timely a discovery.



CHAPTER VIII.

Setting out—First view of the Jumna—Fording the Jumna—Women of Luckwarie—Temple—Brahmin of the Hills—Nonano—The Women at the Spring—Nepaulese Forts—Shepherd's pipe—Kathee—Médecin malgré lui—An enchanted Garden—Curiosity—Anecdote of a wise man—Bazaar—A quarrel—Lakha Mundul—Beautiful View—Tulli—A dancing Village—A Wife for sale—Miraculous Pool—A matrimonial dilemma—Superb Cataract—Mineral Spring—Lying in wait for an Unicorn.

May 3rd.—Yesterday's labour being merely intended as a rehearsal, this day, about two o'clock, the piece was acted with great success; and our journey commenced to the source of the Jumna. We formed a large party, and not a very common one. My brother, Lieut. J—— S——, of the Bengal army, and myself, with guns on our shoulders, and long sticks in our hands, led the

van; our servants, Mahometans and Hindoos, carrying their cooking vessels, followed—the coolies, moving one by one, apparently bent double, their usual mode of walking when loaded, divided into three bodies, each headed by its tindal, or guide, carrying a long spear in his hand. We formed a most picturesque and novel scene, as thus, in a long string, we wound round the hills or through the woods. A flock of sheep and goats completed the picture —our shepherd, bearing a crook in his hand, and a pipe too—but, alas! it was for tobacco! of which the natives of the hills are so fond, that they will thank you for such a present, more than for "golden store."

We passed through a rough and difficult path, along the crest of a ridge to the north of Missouri; and when about six miles from it, descended, by a succession of terraces, to a streamlet below, on the bank of which, and not very far from a little village, we encamped.

As we had commenced the first day's journey in heavy rain, we had not the opportunity of gazing much on the beauty of the scenery.

I lost no time in paying a visit to the first mountain habitation we had met with. It is situated on a narrow causeway, between two deep dells, and at the foot of a high range of mountains, called Kandoa. Up the faces of the hills, in terraces rising one above the other, each supported by a stone wall, appears the cultivated ground. The corn is ripe, and the amphitheatres, at the foot of which the cultivators dwell, look beautiful. The houses are constructed of loose stone, and thatched with grass. They consist of two stories—the one above being occupied by the family, and the lower one inhabited by their cattle.

The people being accustomed, from their vicinity to the new settlement, to meet white faces, are not averse to show themselves: they have learnt, too, the advantage of money, and offer what little they possess for sale, a most unusual event among the mountaineers; for as if ashamed of trade, they require great pressing to induce them to part with any thing, even for a sum above its value.

May 4th.—We this morning passed over the Kandoa range of hills and descended to a mountain stream at their foot, which having forded, we rose to the summit of the Budraj chain, and after a difficult ascent of about two hours, reached it a little after noon. One of the Hindoos, who had gained the highest part, stopped suddenly, and making a low salaam, called out as loudly as he could, Jumoona! Jumoona! upon hearing which every one ran to catch the first glimpse of the Jumna among the mountains; the coolies threw down their loads, and the servants their cooking pots, and thought of nothing but the beautiful river beneath, winding with the utmost swiftness round the bases of the high-peaked hills. The sight restored my followers to the strength and spirit that many of them were fast losing. My Hindoo servants, unaccustomed to such hard labour, could scarcely bend their knees; and I was afraid that my Mahommedans, not being encouraged by the hopes of advantage from a holy pilgrimage, might desert, for they also seemed to repent of having followed me even

two days "in search of the picturesque." The Jumna, however, *parvis componere magna*, acted as a Moscow to my dispirited army.

After dwelling for an hour on the beautiful prospect, we descended by a winding path of loose stone, to a dark and thickly-wooded dell, through which "roared and ran" a furious torrent, over which with some difficulty we passed. After we had crossed, it was tremendous to look up to the summit of the ridge we had left. The descent occupied more than an hour, and seemed nearly perpendicular. In another hour we arrived at a village called Butolee, and pitched our tents.

During the walk we saw not a living thing; not a bird of the most common note, to break the silence of the journey; and the place we had reached appeared to be totally deserted: the men had been taken away to assist in the new buildings at Landour, and the women had thought it necessary to hide themselves. They were not long in regaining confidence, and towards sunset ventured to come out to the neighbouring spring for water. They are much

fairer than the women of the plains, but do not differ very materially from them in features. We have evidently not yet come among the mountain habitations. Butolee is similar to our village of yesterday, and that approaches in many respects to some of the places on the plains.

I began to fear that my encampment after so long a journey would have been converted into an hospital; it was laughable, although sufficiently pitiable, to see my poor Hindoos crawl, at long intervals from each other, up to my tent, and declare it was impossible to move. I suggested many plans for their relief, but brandy was the only one on which they would rely; and it was by promising that their joints should be rubbed every day with this panacea that I succeeded in comforting them. The natives of the East, although they shun all intemperance, have an idea that brandy is an infallible medicine; and I fear the devotion some of our countrymen pay to it has been the means of spreading such a belief. One of my coolies was also taken ill. I administered a gentle dose to him, and soon, to his great astonishment, restored him to health. I

gained much repute in consequence, and found I was likely to get into good practice.

May 6th.—We again set forth towards the north, and passed over a steep mountain, well covered with trees of many descriptions. I have found every village situated between such high ranges of hills that its inhabitants must be completely cut off from communication with their neighbours, of whom indeed they never seem to think. The population of Butolee is about forty souls, and whether the natives of such pigmy cities be happier or better than those of larger ones, I know not; they are more free, at any rate, from the sins of ambition, and cannot often suffer from the evils of war. They are perfectly ignorant of all that passes in the plains, and armies might shake the valley of the Dhoon without disturbing the quiet of Luckwarie, where we now are. Their's seems indeed to be the bliss of ignorance. After a long descent, in which we were very often forced to fight our way through wild roses that in full flower were growing across our path, we reached the banks of the Jumna. It was past twelve o'clock, and

the sun was scorching hot; the prospect of a ford, therefore, was not an unpleasant one. We chose a comparatively still spot between two rapids, to pass over; and when I had reached to nearly breast-high, I found the stream so strong I could not stem it. With some difficulty I returned, and recommenced in a more methodical manner; we entered the river twelve at a time, linked arm in arm, the coolies carrying their loads upon their heads, and we bearing our clothes in the same manner. My companions, in the affair of dressing, had much the advantage of me; they only carry a blanket, which they use at night; in the day they go naked. The river was about fifty yards wide; it was some time, therefore, before we had, baggage and all, safely transferred ourselves to the opposite side.

The consequence of our descent was the immediate necessity of climbing to a very high ridge, as bare as possible, and exposed to the full force of the sun. It was three hours before we were able to encamp at Luckwarie. It is a very neat village, built near the summit of a hill, at the base of which, and about one thousand feet below it,

flows the Jumna. It winds in a most irregular manner, and appears quite to insulate some of the mountains. At one time in our walk this morning it was foaming on every side of us. Luckwarie is the first place I have seen built of stone, and the houses are regularly constructed, having stairs within them, and being generally roofed with slate; some however are thatched, and where that is the case, the grass and laths are tied together with split bamboo, the ends of which reach nearly to the ground, with weights hanging from them, a simple mode of preventing the house from being unroofed by the violent gales of wind which so frequently occur. The village is remarkably clean, and all around well cultivated. The women are busy reaping, for that and drawing water seem to form their regular occupations. They are fair and good-looking, with small and strong but neat figures; their dress consists of a coarse linen petticoat drawn round the waist, with a little jacket, and abundance of rings from the nose to the toes. The manner of dressing the hair is most picturesque; they allow it to grow very long, and add

plaited wool to it, dyed red. When this tail reaches the ground, they weave a large tassel at the end of it; sometimes it hangs loose, and at others they twist it round the head, the tassel resting on the crown, when it serves the purpose of a turban.

In this village I have seen the prettiest women I have met with in the East; their charms, however, are not properly appreciated by the Himalaya gallants, one wife being the property of a family of brothers; four seems to be the mystical number, for all I have questioned on the subject answer, "We are four, and have one wife between us." This is a custom still common in other parts of the East; among some tribes on the Malabar coast, and in the kingdom of Kandy in Ceylon, it is generally practised. It is a usage, however, scarcely fit to be tolerated, and in the abolition of which I should think all parties concerned would be glad to join; but that all-powerful word, "Dustour," reconciles every thing in the East; it is the custom, and "bus," that is enough—is the usual reply to all objections to an existing habit. In

this village there is a temple, and the first we have met with; it is built of wood, and of similar shape to the pagodas of the plains. Its doors are covered with plates of brass, and the figures of Hindoo mythology about it are too well sculptured to be the work of the mountain artists. Some birds and beasts, however, hang in the porch like votive offerings, that are evidently the work of unpolished chissels. An old man with whom I was conversing seemed a little piqued at my laughing at the strange animal intended to represent an elephant, and declared that he thought it remarkably well cut for a man who had never seen one. I could not deny the justice of this remark.

My coolies thought that their hard labour entitled them to a more substantial meal than their usual one, and begged me to give them a goat. I consented, and they made an active search, but could not prevail on their owners to sell them one; they did not approve of my scruples, when I desired them not to insist upon it, and were anxious to force the villager, to part with the one they had pitched upon. These

men, being natives of Sirmoor, and bordering on the plains, considered themselves far superior to the people of the mountain district in which we are.

May 7th.—This morning about nine o'clock we left the pretty village of Luckwarie, and passing over a higher ridge, arrived at Luxar, thence, mounting still, at another village called Dooarie. This is inhabited solely by Brahmin, and it is from here that the Temple of Luckwarie is provided with its high priest. The Brahmin of the hills differ in no way from the people about them. They are neither distinguished by greater cleanliness, nor more scruples against what the Hindoo religion deems unclean or sinful; indeed, the distinction of castes seems to be unknown among them, or if known, never considered: they wear the sacred thread, and by that only are they discovered. In India generally the Brahmins have a marked difference of appearance from every other class; indeed, the preservation of castes has made their present generations as distinct from one another as if they belonged to different nations. In the same

district of the mountains all men are alike. Idleness is the great privilege of the priest-order. They do not work themselves, but fag their women without much mercy; and at the period of harvest, hire from the adjoining villages as many servants as they may need. As no one in this village could read or write I did not gain much information regarding their religious ceremonies. "Oh," said the Brahmin I spoke to, "we have no particular manner of praying; we put some ghie on a fire, and go round it repeating some words till it is melted, and 'bus,' that's all."

We were not long at Dooarie, but still ascending, reached the village of Nonano. We passed a great number of fruit-trees—figs and plantains, with plenty of white raspberries. I usually, on entering a village, make for the spring, which has ever been the signal for the women to come forth with their pitchers; and while my tent is erecting, I always find a shelter beneath the trees that overhang it. I learn a great deal of the village news, too. I found that we were the first white men—

"Sahib logué"—that Nonano had ever sheltered. We became objects of great curiosity, and finding that we were rather disposed to encourage it, we soon had a drawing-room (for ladies formed the principal part of our visitors) at the waters of Nonano. I asked a pretty woman, of about eighteen years of age, who had come out to present us with a bowl of raspberries, how many husbands she had, "*Only* four," was the reply. "And all alive?" "Why not?" She questioned me in return, and asked where my country was. When I told her it was several months' journey from this, there was a general murmur of incredulity: "It is not possible," they all answered. "And where is your wife?" was the next inquiry. On my declaring I had none, an universal cry of "Bah, bah! Djoot, djoot!"—A lie, a lie!—showed how little they believed me. Where such beings as bachelors and spinsters after fourteen or fifteen years of age are unknown, no wonder they should receive with doubt such a declaration. I found it impossible to convince them of my veracity, and I fear I

lost a little in the estimation of my mountain friends by asserting so palpable an absurdity as any man being without a wife appears to them.

A rapid torrent fell from the mountains a little to the left of the village, and near it I encamped. High hills so surrounded my position, that I found it very close during the day, and at night the thermometer was at 74°. I was an object of inexhaustible amusement and speculation to the children: they squatted round my tent like monkies, and seemed to possess their power of mimicry to a high degree. We were frequently amused with the exhibition of our own peculiarities, none of which confounded them more than our manner of eating and dressing. The young population is not very great, but the likeness that prevails in a village from the singular intermixture that occurs from the mode of marriage is so strong, that it seems puzzling to discover the different children. The eldest brother is the father, "par excellence," of each family, and on his death, that office devolves on the next, and so on, till if all die in the course of nature, there can be no orphans.

Such an institution of marriage is for the purpose of keeping property as much in one family as possible, an equal division of it being the *custom* of inheritance; and where so much labour is necessary to cultivate the soil, and good soil so difficult to obtain, it seems important to prevent its being broken into portions so small as not to be able to afford food for their possessors. Their crops being the only subsistence of the mountaineers, and their land so limited, it was necessary, too, to devise a means of preventing an overgrown population. It is not surprising, therefore, that people who are still buried in the most hopeless darkness, should have fallen upon such a plan.

May 8th.—We ascended the mountain under which we were encamped last night, till in three hours we arrived at a little village called Bussoua. We did not see a tree or a bird in the walk. The sun was extremely hot, and the climbing very severe. We are amply rewarded, however, by our present situation. We have a magnificent view of the snowy range bearing to the eastward, and running

nearly north and south. The Peak of Jountghur, about one day's journey, lies to the N. E. between us and the snow, and about N.N.W. the Peak of Bairal stands within an hour's walk. On both these points, the Ghorkas, the natives of Nepaul, had fortresses. Their names are still heard with terror among these hills, and the people point with pleasure to the ruined holds of their tyranny, which may be traced on many commanding heights: their cruelties were as great as any other invasion on record can produce. Among these solitary glens, for every hour leads to scenes silent and terrible as Glenco, they had too much facility in executing them. Many villages that had been abandoned during their "reign of terror," have not been replanted more than six or seven years. They have not yet, therefore, recovered from the visit of their warlike neighbours, who are as unlike the inhabitants of the northern Himalaya as people occupying the most distant parts of the globe could be.

Behind the mountain on the south side, and many feet below it, winds the Jumna. There

are villages and terraces of corn all the way to its bank. Our position, and we have frequently happened to be similarly situated, is on the bend of an inner circle of mountains, overtopped by higher ones, in their turn surrounded again, and so on *ad infinitum*. The slopes are enlivened by herds of cattle; and flocks of sheep browze in every place, and in every position. I think I have already said that the shepherds carry crooks, but this is the first time that I have heard the sound of the pipe. I hastened to the spot to see the instrument, and found a boy lying under the shadow of a tree, playing upon a reed; it was a double one, the vents not unlike those of a flageolet; the notes were sweet and simple, and in such a situation, among such scenes, could not fail to bring to the mind an Arcadian picture.

May 9th.—Again we set forth, and making a steep descent to a narrow river, crossed and climbed up to Kathee, a small place most villainously situated in a cleft in the mountains, and surrounded by hills in a very close circle. The thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees by day, and by night at eighty-two. The sudden

changes of temperature were occasionally very trying; as it happened sometimes in the course of a journey that we could not avoid halting in a valley, after having passed the previous day on the summit of the hill; in descending, for instance, from a temperature of forty-five to ninety degrees in the course of a few hours. I frequently set out in winter costume in the morning, and was glad to have a cold-bath and a linen jacket in the evening.

There was something very oppressive in the air of Kathee, and before I had been long there, I found that the natives experienced it as well as myself. I had many applications for advice and for medicine. Some told me that they had been suffering under their complaints for several years, and looked confidently to me for relief. I did all I could for those who applied to me, and when I had left my tent to roam about the hills with my gun in my hand, I thought I should have got rid of further importunity; but my appearance seemed to be the signal for the opening of Pandora's box; every person I met had some affliction to complain of. I endeavoured to support my fame

by the prescriptions I gave; but at length, as a climax to my troubles, I was requested to attend a woman who was dangerously ill in the village. I declared I knew little of physic, but it would not do; I was carried to the invalid's house —another *médecin malgré lui*—in spite of all my excuses. I thought I might possibly shelter myself under the simple regimen of Sangrado, and was prepared to act accordingly. I was puzzled indeed when I found Dr. Slop would have been more required—I was called in as an accoucheur! My exit was as hasty as my progress had been slow; and I determined to limit my practice in future as much as humanity would permit.

These simple people have a most exalted idea of the talents of the "Sahib Logue," and their faith in our medical knowledge was confirmed by what appeared to them little less than a miracle, during the passage of an officer of artillery last year through a mountain village; he was called to administer to an old man supposed to be dying. On visiting him, he found him suffering from a fever, stretched on a mat in a narrow low room,

or rather hole in his house; the people had all flocked into the place, as they invariably do on such an occasion, to witness the last struggle of their fellow-villager, for every one dies a public death among them, and were literally suffocating him; the "Sahib" turned them all away, and had the sick man carried into the open air. With a gentle dose, and the power of breathing, the patient soon recovered.

A native of Kathee, who chanced to be at the scene of such a wonder, related it to his astonished countrymen; and long, from the manner in which they told the tale to me, will the "conjuration dire" of this clever Englishman be remembered among them, and the greater marvel still, of his having refused to accept a present, for they assured me, the man who was thus cured had offered him "flocks and herds" to prove his gratitude.

May 10th.—We were too happy on the appearance of day-light to quit Kathee, and ascending the mountain to the north of it, by a steep and rugged path, we reached Chitar. We took from thence an easterly direction, having the snowy

range to bound our view. We did not long keep possession of so magnificent a prospect, but lost it in our passage through a thick and beautiful wood of pines interspersed with the richest and most various fruit-trees. We seemed to have entered an enchanted garden, where the produce of Europe and Asia—indeed of every quarter of the world—was blended together. Apples, pears and pomegranates—plantains, figs and apricots—limes and citrons—walnut and mulberry trees, grew in the greatest quantity, and with the most luxurious hue. Blackberries and raspberries hung temptingly from the brows of the broken crags, while our path was strewed with strawberries. In every direction were blooming heather—violets and jasmine, with innumerable "rose trees in full bearing." It was a most lovely day, and birds sang from every branch; the common dove, and the kokila—the nightingale of Hindoo poets—cooed around, and for the first time for many a year, I heard the notes of the blackbird!

The description of such a scene may tire the patience, as the enjoyment of it exhausted the

senses. As my desire, however, is not to give a scientific account of the phenomena of these regions, but to convey, as truly as I can, a picture of the most delightful scenery, and most lovely spots on the face of the earth, I hope I may be excused for now and then "babbling," a little too much perhaps, of "green fields." When from a distance we see only the cold and barren "range of eternal snow," we think of these hills with terror, and wonder how human beings can exist in so desolate a region; and while in our weary progress over trackless mountains, our thoughts engrossed alone by the awful grandeur of the scene, we fall, as it were by accident, into bowers where Armida might have bound Rinaldo for ever! it will be difficult to avoid running the risk of proving tedious to those who have no admiration for the pencil of nature. Even at such a hazard, I must still venture to paint.

Through the openings among the trees, we occasionally saw the Jumna winding at the foot of the mountain, sometimes disappearing suddenly, and again as suddenly breaking forth in

an opposite direction—terraces of corn stretching down to its banks. In every aspect, from little orchards of the choicest fruit,—each an epitome of the vegetable creation,—rose pretty villages of stone, roofed with slate. We reached one of them soon after parting from the beautiful wood I have described; Moolor was its name; it stood above a river that divided the hill (on which we determined to encamp) from it. We forded it immediately, and, after a distressing ascent, gained the place we are now in. Although it stands high, its situation is so much confined that it is extremely hot. The thermometer in my tent is now at ninety-four degrees. The people do not improve in appearance or manner as we advance; they have shown themselves averse to sell grain to us, an indispensable necessary, as it is the only food of my followers.

We stopped at one or two villages, where the natives assured us they had never seen Europeans before, and certainly evinced, by their curiosity and astonishment, the truth of their assertion. I overheard many remarks regarding our complexion that were not perfectly flattering; they

admired highly, however, a slight colour that the labour of climbing brought into our cheeks, and we became the objects of constant observation during our stay. The children, as usual, were very keen noticers of all our motions, and we were followed by the population of every village as we left it. Now my tent is surrounded by a wondering crowd, but I have become so used to be the "observed of all observers," that I bear my "blushing honours" with tolerable meekness.

In more civilized parts of the world, the same curiosity exists without the same excuse: and I remember once seeing the grave sheikh of a village in Upper Egypt, not very far from Carnac, whither I was then going from Kosier, more confounded by a pair of steel-snuffers, than the simplest child in the mountains has been by any article that I have displayed to it. This worthy Arab took a boot-hook for a tooth-drawing instrument, and applying it to the teeth of nearly all the village, was quite disconcerted when he found none that it would fit. He clapped his hands with joy, however, when he saw his own bearded countenance reflected in the

snuffers, and telling me that he wanted a looking-glass to carry in his belt, begged me to give it to him.

May 12th.—Yesterday being Sunday, we did not proceed, but gave the inhabitants of Mateea full opportunity of surveying us in every action; the toilet seemed to be the most striking to them of all our oddities, and well it might, to those who know not what dressing or undressing means. This morning we moved, and after another high scramble, descended to the banks of a river, which ran rapidly over a bed of large stones, placed so unaccommodatingly, that we found much difficulty in fording. The water was deep in some parts, and about fifty feet wide. It was called the Coolna, but flows for a very little distance. It rises in the hills close to us, and is soon lost in the Jumna.

Siay, where we were glad to halt, after a laborious walk of five hours, stands upon the bank of the river. This village, which is built at the edge of a jungle, has not been long planted there. On some of the surrounding heights the Ghorkas had posts; and the vicinity of Siay to

the water, was too tempting to suffer it to remain unmolested. The people who survived the cruelty of their enemies, abandoned it, and have not long returned.

The natives of every part of the Himalaya, through which we have yet passed, form the most striking exception to the general character of mountaineers, that can be conceived; and to their neighbours in particular. They seem to be totally devoid of courage or of enterprise: the Ghorkas, on the contrary, possess both in an eminent degree. The men of these hills are stout and hardy, and frequently tall and handsomely formed; but indolent, and indifferent to every thing. The Nepaulese are short and ugly, but active and intelligent. The first give too much reason to the Hindoos of the plains for adopting into their vocabulary of contempt, the word Pariah, or mountaineer. The latter, were it not for the British, might chance one day to give a new construction to the term, and teach their neighbours of the flat country, to respect the outcasts they now loathe.

As great a plague as the Ghorkas has got

possession of this valley—armies of the most tormenting insects! It is impossible to guard against them; and we were happy when daylight gave us an opportunity of once more moving forward.

May 13th.—Soon after leaving our village, by the banks of the Cootna—determined never to place ourselves again in a similar situation—we passed over the hills on which are the remains of the Ghorka fortresses, now merely heaps of stone. The natural position was too strong, to render any work likely to last necessary; so, soon after they were abandoned, they must have fallen to ruin.

Below the ridge, and above a stream, not much unlike Siay, stood Rampore. We hastened past it, and threading a thick jungle, soon forded the stream, and commenced another ascent. The face of the mountain we climbed was laid out in terraces; and the corn was ripe, and the reapers were actively engaged upon it. It was a merry, as well as a busy scene; for the women were singing with all their strength, and with as much sweetness as their "native wood notes

wild" would permit, which is, to say truth, no great praise. I was anxious to learn the nature of their songs, but could not persuade any of them to repeat what, while they chaunted, no ear but their own could comprehend. They told me it was all about myself, too—each verse was an extempore compliment to the travellers, and the composition seemed to be highly approved; while occasional shouts of laughter showed that the mountain damsels were not devoid of humour. I observed that they did not tie their corn in sheaves, and leave it in the field; but the moment a woman had cut as much as she herself could carry, she bore it to the village, and placing it in a granary, returned to reap another load.

In a few hours we arrived at Cotha, pleasantly situated above the Jumna, and in the midst of a grove of mulberries, the fruit of which was ripe, and of exceedingly good flavour. Cotha is a place of great thoroughfare. It is the direct route from the plains, through Calsi, to Jumnoutri; and a track passes by it to Teok and Koteghur: the people are consequently more conversant with the manners of the flat country.

The village is very neat, and uncommonly clean; the crops are finer, and the cattle more numerous, than in any we have passed.

May 14th.—We were not able to remain longer in it, however, pretty and clean as it was; so at daylight we again bent our bodies to the task of climbing. We reached the summit of a high ridge in about two hours, and descended immediately to a village of Brahmin, but we did not find that it was in the least better than any other belonging to that order that we had passed; indeed their places of abode are marked by the very reverse of what their sacred calling would lead you to suppose—cleanliness of every description being so much inculcated by the religion they should teach. Sterne says, by way of heightening his description of the monk's venerable appearance, in his Sentimental Journey, "Had I met him on the plains of Hindostan, I would have fallen at his feet and worshipped him." I have met many Brahmin in the plains, who, if they did not command as much veneration, at least from their appearance merited the most perfect respect. The priests of

the hills, however, are as far beneath them as their country is above the sacred city of Benares; they have not kept their caste unmixed by lower ones, while the marked difference between the Brahmins and the other castes of Hindostan generally show how strictly they have adhered to the enjoined division.

We continued our descent, and fording a narrow river, mounted again, and in a little more than an hour reached a hill that projected from a high rocky range, and hung over the Jumna, though several hundred feet above it. The river winds beneath like a dark blue snake. The country is peculiarly wild and bare; the only trees to be seen surround our tents, and the nearest water is a quarter of a mile off, dribbling so slowly that it takes half an hour to fill a pitcher. It is no wonder that the people of the next village, Meeoonda, should be averse to our remaining; for this is the first place where we have met with any serious objection to supply us with food. They declared that they had no grain for themselves, and providing us was out of the question. It is too late, however, to go

further; and indeed there is every prospect that if we do, we shall fare worse, so I have determined to remain here, and have sent in pursuit of corn.

It is not surprising that the natives of such places should be averse to sell their grain, the only thing likely to be required from them. Their ground yields merely a sufficiency for their own use, and if it could produce more, their idleness would prevent their cultivating it. In the higher parts they are forced to grind it between two stones; below, where a stream runs, they can erect a mill. The inhabitants of mountain summits, therefore, have many disadvantages; they have but one harvest, while in some of the valleys there are two in the year. The land of the upper places is covered with stones, which they endeavour to pick off before the sowing season, which takes place immediately before the commencement of the rain. The fall is so heavy, however, that at its conclusion there are as many stones on the surface of the earth as if it had never been cleared; and through them the corn struggles in the best way

it can. Every village has a circle of stone at its entrance, with a low wall round it, for treading out the corn. Sometimes the bullocks are driven round unyoked, and always muzzled, but in rather a novel way; a whisp of grass is twisted round their jaws, the tail of it frequently hanging in the most tantalizing manner over their noses.

These mountaineers have the same objection to part with any other of their possessions. They do not understand any thing of commerce, and care little about money. They make every thing they require themselves, and are dependant on no mart beyond the walls of their own villages; many do not even know the name of the second place from their own, and the most common answer to an inquiry for the name of such a range or such a peak is, "I have never heard;" and if you observe that ignorance is strange among those who have lived all their lives under it, the reply is, "I am a mountaineer, how should I know?" the worst apparently that could be given.

My resolution to have my people fed, I was

happy to find, overcame their scruples to sell, and a bazaar is at length established in my camp. I am obliged to fix the price to be paid for the corn at every fresh place I come to; and I am not unfrequently much puzzled to please both the seller and buyer. To-day I have been disturbed by an unusual uproar upon the subject, an altercation having taken place between one of my coolies and a villager about the price of the meal; the first threw the quantum in dispute in the hillman's face, who immediately retorted; the skirmish became general forthwith, and when I ran out to pacify them, I found both sides whitened like faquirs, and the ground covered with flour.

It was long before I could make myself heard, but was forced to take a more active part in the fray than I intended, and not till I had seized the leading combatants, was I able to restore order. My judgment upon the subject so gratified the villagers of Meeoonda, that they could not resist praising my ingenuity, and would have thought me a "Justice Midas" at least, if they had ever heard of that worthy.

I decided that the meal should be left upon the ground for the coolies to make the most of, and its owners should be paid for the whole quantity they had brought to the camp. This pleased them so much, that they sat down at a little distance, watching, with great glee, the enemy endeavouring to scrape up sufficient to feed them.

As I had their wages in my own possession, I was easily able to enforce my sentence upon the coolies, and they seemed to enjoy the joke against themselves with the greatest good-humour. They are a very hardy, active race of men, and I never met any more willing to please. They only carry a blanket a piece, and the moment their day's labour is over, seek a convenient spot to cook their cakes and eat them in. They generally choose the shelter of an overhanging rock near which a rivulet runs, for such scenes constantly occur, and after their food, sit in a circle round a blazing fire, singing, till they fairly exhaust themselves to sleep.

May 15th. We have this day reached one of the fairy scenes I have already alluded to, and its beauties are more likely than most of the last

to lead me to describe them, on account of the sudden change from the barren rocks of Meeoonda to the fruit and flower of Lakkha Mundul. After passing through forests of magnificent pine trees, varied by oak and rhododendron, we came suddenly upon the Jumna, where it makes a sweep round the base of a high-peaked mountain covered with wood to its summit; from its opposite bank rise gentler hills cultivated to their tops, and the corn quite ripe.

In a valley just large enough to contain it, and a little above the river, in a grove of fruit-trees, stands a pagoda; a cascade falls from the mountain of snow visible between two hills, the division of which leads to a fertile valley; its terraces are bounded by hedges, as neatly kept as they would be in England; a little higher than the temple stand a few huts inhabited by the Brahmins who protect it. I have pitched my tent under the shadow of a large apricot tree, with raspberries and blackberries all around me. No more beautiful site for a solemn temple could be chosen: all that is grand and awful is mixed with every thing mild and soothing; and it

would not be difficult, nor I hope sinful, to sympathize with the feelings of the poor Hindoo, who rests awhile on his painful pilgrimage at this lovely spot, and learns that the temple was placed there by a god. The Brahmins who reside near it declare that such was its origin, and the pilgrims are not likely to dispute the matter with them. It has altars to, and emblems of, all the gods, and has been considerably larger, for many ruins lie around, and throughout the neighbourhood are scattered images of every mythological description. At the entrance to the temple, on each side of the porch, is a bullock, couchant, of black marble, as large as life and extremely well executed, as indeed are all the figures we met with. The Brahmins assert that they are the descendants of the original priests of the place, and probably may be so; they have not, however, preserved their learning among them, for we found not one at Lakkha Mundul who could read.

May 16th, 17th.—I am afraid of saying too much about "lovely spots" and "magnificent pines," so I shall hasten over this day's journey in

description, as I should have been glad to have done in reality. After having got wet through, in fording rivers, I had an opportunity of growing dry again while toiling up the face of a rocky hill, with not a tree to shelter me from the sun, and not a blade of grass to soften the effect of its reflection from the white stone.

In a few hours, however, I reached Bunkoulee, and resolved to forget it; and this morning on our route to Tulli, we were amply rewarded for all our labour; when on reaching the summit of a rough and rugged mountain, looking perpendicularly to the Jumna below, we beheld the hills of Ghurdwall on our right, thickly wooded to their tops; the river at their base widening towards its source, and winding round meadows fenced with fruit-trees; sometimes it disappeared, and then extended in a different direction between banks of poplars, willows, and alders; till, lost altogether in the stupendous barrier of snow, which, in all its grandeur, with the beams of the morning sun upon it, bounded the view.

We begin to find our travelling the most

laborious and novel that can be imagined. After scrambling up the face of a rocky hill this morning, we were forced to slide down a polished surface of stone with not a place to rest the foot on, as well as the comfortable prospect of an uninterrupted fall of many feet, should we swerve in our course.

No description could convey an idea of the usual style of a day's journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale.

On arriving at Tulli, tired to death, I was surprised to observe, as I looked down upon the village from a hill above it, that all the people who had assembled to gaze upon us were jumping and skipping with the greatest activity, and in the most grotesque manner, striking their bodies on several parts, and performing such strange antics, that I conjectured it was a national dance got up in celebration of our arrival, not supposing it

likely that a stray sect of jumping dervishes could have established themselves in so out of the way a spot.

As I approached the village, however, I found that not only my servants, but my brother and myself, in spite of our fatigues, were unconsciously joining the dance, and striking ourselves in good earnest. I thought of the electric eels in some river in South America, and fancied a similar phenomenon hung over Tulli. The mystery was too soon cleared up; we had entered the precinct of the most venomous little insect I had ever met with; it is a miniature wasp, scarcely larger than a sand-fly, with a green body, and a pair of forceps that inflict its wounds unmercifully.

We have lost all chance of rest, and it is ludicrous in the highest degree to observe the effects of the bite upon the people. They break suddenly off, in whatever occupation they may be engaged, and after jumping and beating themselves for a few moments, resume their work, in which, however, they are soon interrupted for further exercise. They are covered

over with black spots, in which I am bidding fair to rival them, for these little insects never fail to leave their marks. We are situate on the slope of a hill surrounded on all sides by pine-trees, and I imagine that that circumstance may be the cause of so many insects, for the heat is not particularly great; the thermometer stands at seventy-four degrees.

May 18th.—We were absolutely driven from Tulli by the "plagues" of the place—our feet and legs so swollen we found it difficult to walk. My servants presented the most miserable figures. I was obliged to divide my trowsers among them, although they did not seem to benefit much by the additional covering. I was afraid I should have had a fever in my camp, too, for they seemed so wounded and tormented that I anticipated great trouble; their spirits were fast declining, and their bodies sadly emaciated. Every day they implored me to tell them how much further I was going, but I found secrecy most essential: the only plan was to place them in the predicament of Macbeth—

> "For I am in blood advanced so far,
> That to go on is easier than return."

Our day's labour, too, was greater than ever. The forest of pines through which we passed was so slippery from the fallen leaves, that we were constantly on the ground, or rather the hard rock. So even and flat was the surface, that it appeared to have been carefully paved for the convenience of sliding down. No book on gymnastics ever yet penned will teach the right use of the limbs so well as a few hours' journey in the midst of these mountains: there is not a part of the body that does not occasionally come into use, and in a manner too, not likely to occur even to Captain Clias himself.

We passed a river—the Gudnoo was its name—by a bridge, that is very common, though not very agreeable nor safe. It is narrow, and made of twigs, well twisted together: it rests generally on a stone, on each bank of the stream; and when none large enough are to be found for the purpose, then a pile of loose stones serves for its support. A few are laid carelessly upon each end of the bridge, to prevent its tilting up; and while the water foams beneath, you are reminded, in your passage across, by the falling pebbles of the foundation announcing every fresh footstep

you take, that there is every probability of your trying the force of the torrent.

From the Gudnoo, we soon reached the Jumna, running rapidly over a rocky bed, its banks beautifully wooded. On a pleasant meadow, not far from a village named Bugassa, we ordered our tents to be pitched. We were tempted, by the river, to remain here, but have found it dreadfully hot. The thermometer, at noon, was at 92°. The sky has become suddenly overcast, however, and threatens a storm.

May 19th. In the afternoon of yesterday, and this morning, I tried the temperature of the water. The thermometer fell seven degrees each time—from 63° to 56°, and from 59° to 52°. It rained very heavily all night, and obliged us to remain for several hours after sun-rise, that our tents might dry. When able to proceed, we continued by the banks of the river, over a comparatively flat road, till we reached Sonalee, and then encamped on the Jumna.

We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village, named Burkotee, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream.

It seems unconnected with the mountains about it, as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; and, below, the Jumna flows round several islands; and among the tall trees of some of them, browze many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks; and I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they could be more frequently visited. The Rajah of Tirhee has a palace here, indeed; but such a palace, and such a Rajah, are sadly out of character with the sublime and lovely prospects, he, and some hundreds as ignorant as himself, alone are doomed to contemplate.

I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world are enamoured; but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. The youth who, just emerged from college, gazes for the first time on Mont Blanc, may appreciate my feelings when I enjoy the glories of the Himalaya. Although I have seen the Alps—although I have witnessed the sun rise from the

summit of Mount Ætna--certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe—my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of another world, as it were, and remain in these mountains for ever!

We are now in the province of Rewaeen; and I think there is a slight superiority in the people and their villages. The inhabitants are taller, and have something of a Tartar countenance; and in this valley they have supplied our wants without much pressing. Their grain, too, is not the only thing they are disposed to sell; for had I been a Turk, I might have made at least two additions to my harem. An old man, whom I met soon after leaving Tulli, offered me the fairest of his daughters for sixty rupees, and seemed considerably mortified on my declining the bargain: and this morning a respectable-looking man came from some distance on the same errand. "I have something to sell," said

he, taking me on one side with an air of mystery. This is no uncommon thing, by-the-bye, for as if ashamed of trade, they conceal the smallest articles under their cloaks, and even a pot of honey is displayed with as much caution as a smuggling pedlar shows his contraband ware —"I have something to sell," said he; and as I am a poor man, I hope you will buy—very cheap—a little girl, so big," measuring about four feet from the ground, "and only eighty rupees. She is my daughter, and my only child." "What!" interrupted I, "sell the only child you have?" "I must live," was his laconic answer, given with the most perfect *sang froid*. "She is the prettiest girl in the village," continued he, urging the bargain, "and as I cannot afford to have her married, I must sell her." He said in excuse, that it was the custom, for they had more women in their villages than they knew what to do with—certainly more than they seemed to care about.

My servants have tried to buy a lamb, while many are frisking about, but the villagers refuse to part with them. "The sheep give us cloth-

ing," say they. "And the women, I suppose, wear it out?" said I, "Sach bat"—very true, was the reply.

The fair sex is indeed but little appreciated, or probably I should say, too much esteemed, for each has four husbands at her beck, although the gallant that submits to a quarter of a heart can scarcely value the possession. No wonder, however, they should have a superfluity of women; yet I cannot think that the cost of maintaining them can be very burthensome, for I notice that after they prepare the food for their lords they sit quietly on one side till their husbands' appetites are appeased, and then receive the remains, which come to them sometimes fearfully reduced. Their clothes, too, are the most whimsical contrivances—too light indeed for comfort—they are scarcely enough for decency. They seem to wear them till they literally drop from them, never washed and never mended: they are most completely things of "shreds and patches." We should be puzzled to know how they could get into them, were it not evident that they never get out of them:

they hang about in such singular tangles and eccentric festoons, that it would seem a more simple process, as well as a more modest arrangement, to convert a net into a cloak or petticoat. A sultan of the East once censured his daughter for being indelicately dressed: she was covered from head to foot with forty folds of Dacca muslin. What would he have said had his empire extended to Rewaeen?

To conclude my story of the father, I found that he had kept his daughter in reserve at a short distance from the seat of conference, and on finding his persuasions not so powerful as he anticipated, suddenly, to overwhelm me at once with the "stage effect," brought her blushing to my presence. With the best grace I could, I begged her to excuse me, and praying that she might find many mountain youths in her own village more calculated to make her happy, bade farewell to the merchant, who would barter his blood for gold, and the lady, who, to say truth, seemed so little struck by the interview, that she went smiling away, "nor cast one lingering look behind."

May 20th.—While in the valley of the Jumna we have been visited by heavy rain every night, and from the additional weight given by the wet to our tents we are forced to lose the cool air of the morning, and make our journey after the sun has been long enough up to dry the saturated canvass. In the narrow vales to which our route is now confined, we are too glad to escape from the rays of a noonday sun to be induced, even by the fresh beauties that present themselves at every step, to pursue our walk for more than seven or eight miles.

We sauntered by the banks of the river till we reached a wooden bridge, the substantial construction of which surprised us a great deal: it was the first effort of the Rajah of Triha, and seemed to be, as indeed it merited, a subject of pride to his highness's people. Frames of wood placed one above the other, with stones between them, each overlapping from the lowest, till the upper extended a third of the way across, these buttresses formed the supports upon which the bridge rested, that was made of three thin planks but indifferently fastened together, having

a railing on each side of nearly four feet high to protect the passengers. The planks were thin, and their action so great as to send you springing over with the utmost elasticity. It is now new and perfectly safe, but when time, the destroyer, has laid his fangs upon it, unless his highness be public-spirited enough to erect another, I foresee the fall of many a weary pilgrim, who perhaps may deem himself favoured in meeting with such a fate.

We have pitched our tents in a grove of fir-trees at the foot of a mountain, and close to the water's edge, for the valley has now narrowed to a glen, closed by the snows of Bunder Puch, which rise like a marble pillar to bound the scene. The village of Nanguan stands on the opposite shore, and the mountain behind divides the Jumna from the Ganges, and its summit commands a view of both: they are only eight miles asunder, and happy is the Hindoo who gazes on each from that elevated position. The village of Cunda stands near the highest point, and gives its name to the mountain, at the foot of which rises a spring of clear water, the source

choked up with lilies. The Hindoos imagine it to be the sacred river itself, that flows under the hill to this point, and we found two Brahmins bathing and praying in it, under that happy delusion—for happy it certainly is to the pilgrim whose strength will not permit him to traverse the hill for that praiseworthy purpose.

Nanguan was blessed in the golden age by being the residence of a most devout man—a notorious saint—whose name it is scarcely worth remembering. Every day of his life he was in the habit, after having performed his ablutions in the Jumna, of traversing the steep mountain, to repeat his devotions in the Ganges or Bhagirathi. As at length he grew old, as even Hindoo saints will do, he found that although his faith continued unflinching, his limbs could scarcely bear him over the accustomed ground. One scorching day, so the story goes, he had just strength sufficient to bring him to the spot where this holy pool now is. He threw himself on the ground, and said with a sigh, "Alas! that the Ganges should be so far off. O that it could come to me, for I fear I never shall see

its sacred stream again!" Immediately, to reward such long and exemplary service, this water pilgrim, though far different the cause, it performed its subterranean journey like another Alpheus, rushed from under the mountain, like the saint, no doubt, averse to pass over it, and addressing the old man, told him that his prayers and ablutions would be as efficacious when performed here as in the highest of the five Prayags; and that he would continue to flow, for his sake, to benefit future generations.

My followers, two of whom came from the province of Orissa, and not very far from Juggernaut, were evidently unprepared for such a miracle, but their faith on its discovery was worthy of the most self-torturing Yogee. They forgot their sorrows and their sufferings in their delight at meeting the adored Ganges, and bathed, and prayed, and drank, till they were fairly exhausted; and although we were not to quit the neighbourhood of the Jumna for several days, they carried bottles of the water with them, declaring that no river or spring in the world could produce such a draught. Whether it be

sacred or not, however, I must add my testimony in its favour—it was the most cool and delicious water I ever tasted.

In this holy spot—for what is so pure that it has not some alloy!—we have been assailed by the furious little insects I have already mentioned, with even greater virulence than at Tulli. The villagers have persuaded my servants, who are positively wasting away with their tortures, to plaster themselves over with turpentine and honey, and they have adopted the prescription with such zeal, that they appear perfectly coated with the unsavoury compound. I am obliged to bear it with all the firmness I can collect, and have this consolation, that if we lose ourselves in the mountains, we shall be easily scented to our lair.

The corn is ripe around us, and the reapers are making their harvest. They are frequently obliged to throw down the sickle, while they dance about in agony from the stings of their indefatigable tormentors. The legs of the women are bare, while the men wear pantaloons; but both sexes have a large cloth folded round their faces, merely leaving room for the

eyes to peep through. They expose as little of the person as possible while working in the fields, for there the insects are most numerous; yet, with every precaution, they find it impossible to escape. As for myself, I am nearly mad with the torment; though clothed from head to foot, I cannot rest a moment. The misery of a first landing in Calcutta, in the height of the summer, with all the bloom of youth about you, with no curtains—I talk of the army only—and a hard couch in a barrack-room in Fort William, where the hum of the musquitoes is more appalling than the roaring of the tiger, is luxury compared with the sufferings of those who pause at Tulli and its neighbouring woods.

May 21st.—At daylight we left the miraculous pool, and soon commenced the ascent to Cootnoor, which in less than four hours we reached, having climbed up a steep and rugged hill. It is a neat and clean village, placed in a little vale above the Jumna, enclosed by mountains, and so closely bounded by them, that its inhabitants need not know there is a world beyond, for they can scarcely get to it.

The valley is animated and gay; the women are reaping and the men ploughing; for the plough follows the sickle immediately, and the sower the plough; and at this moment all these occupations are busily carried on.

The people have a less picturesque appearance than in the first ranges of the hills; the men and women are dressed nearly alike, and always in a dark grey mixture; the latter do not wear the long platted tail of hair, but cut it close, and cover it with a dirty cloth—for I never yet have had the good fortune to meet with a clean one; a frock reaching down to the knees, and open at the bosom is their only garment; its sleeves are long, with a cut on the inside just below the shoulder, through which they thrust their arms when they work, the sleeve hanging loosely behind; a rope forms the girdle, into which they stick a curved knife, which answers for cutting any thing—wood, or corn, or the throat of a goat. The men are attired exactly in the same manner, with the addition of a pair of pantaloons. In the villages above this, their clothes are principally made; my guide of this

morning begged me to give him a great deal of money, as he termed it, to buy his wife a dress. He said that he must bring her one; for if he returned without it, she had threatened to run away and live with some swain who would be more attentive to her wardrobe. He smiled when he told us his dilemma, and did not seem very much appalled at the prospect of the elopement. It would be a pity that such a holy tie should be dissolved for want of a petticoat, and we did all we could towards strengthening the knot.

We met with a great many black partridges; and although the labour was severe, we were fortunate enough to give a few to our larder. I do not talk very like a sportsman, but every miss was a more serious matter than the mortification of a bad shot. Our sheep had become skeletons, and our poultry were all dead. I was almost obliged to seize from the natives what I wanted to buy, and force the money into their hands; a few brace of partridges, therefore, as fat as possible were no mean addition to the table. We halted a day for the purpose of en-

joying the sport again, and all the men and boys in the village assembled to beat the woods for us. To them it was the finest sport in the world, and the fall of a bird was hailed with a shout that made the mountains echo.

May 23.—We have found ourselves so completely among wild and nearly impracticable passes to-day, that it is very obvious the source of the Jumna is not far from us. We have four arduous journeys yet in prospect, however, and all, I am assured, worse than the scramble of this morning. After crossing the Jumna by one of the wicker bridges, we climbed up a hill by a path of loose stone, the river foaming a little below us. It is exceedingly rapid, and its rise very perceptible; it dashes over large rocks with a tremendous noise, making a fall sometimes of several feet; and close to where we are encamped is a beautiful cascade of at least ten yards in height. The space which we occupy is bounded on one side by a thick jungle, and on every other by high mountains. Khonsala was nearly the most distant spot to which the Ghorkas reached.

An action was fought on the plain we are in, though I fancy, from the different nature of the combatants, not a very desperate one; and near it are still the remains of a fortress. For the first time for many days we have escaped the stinging insects; and we find it so much cooler, although still on the banks of the river, that our ascent must be as great as it has been sudden. Yesterday the thermometer at noon was 82°; to-day, in a much more confined situation, it is 76°.

May 24th. It is very fortunate, that as our labours increase so do our spirits. The prospect of gaining the source of a river must ever be an exciting one, and throughout my life I have felt a sort of veneration for the fountains that give birth to them. It would be vain to endeavour to paint my feelings on seeing the Jumna now narrowing into a little streamlet, that a few months before I had admired sweeping past the cities of Delhi, of Agra, and of Allahabad! I am not surprised that the simple superstition of the Hindoo should give to it a sacred character, and deem it a meritorious pilgrimage, when I remember how a prouder nation toils over de-

serts to worship at a human shrine, and a Christian country place implicit faith in the efficacy of a journey to our "Lady of Loretto."

After quitting Khonsala we crossed over a high stony mountain, covered with a thick wood. We descended occasionally to pass over the Jumna, and then proceeded by its banks: it rises most apparently, and grows always more rapid and more noisy. We passed a village named Rana, an extremely neat one; the houses of stone, roofed with shingles; and about a mile further finished our day's journey at Barree. This also is a neat place, and the great difference in the state of the crops gives a proof of the sudden ascent from our last day's resting place. In Khonsala the corn was cut, and here it is quite green. The faces of the hills are covered with a quantity of red spinach, (chuar,) which gives a pretty as well as singular appearance to the mountains. We found also some potatoes; they were small, but of good flavour. Some natives had learnt the use of this vegetable in Simla, bordering on the plains, and had endeavoured to cultivate it here. It was a happy day to my poor servants, who

had been long without vegetables, and the chuar was soon thinned by them, while we assisted in consuming the potatoes.

At Rana and this village a great deal of cloth is made. The women are not employed in this work, and every man makes for himself as much as his own sheep will give him, in the simplest way, in front of his own door. A villager never moves without his distaff, and a little basket on his arm, which contains his wool; and as he walks along, he spins his thread; even when carrying loads they are thus accompanied, and appear in consequence never to be idle. It is strange to meet, in these wild passes, with men, each sturdy enough to make a Hercules, armed with a distaff and a work-basket. We find the thermometer reduced at noon to 66°, the weather still continuing remarkably fine.

May 25th.—We passed a stream this morning that runs into the Jumna, and falls from a neighbouring mountain, and soon after fording it, ascended a high hill, by what I might call a ladder of stone; it was a severe struggle, and

led through a wood of pines, with a great quantity of rhododendron in flower. We again crossed the Jumna where it is very rapid, indeed where it may be termed a cataract, by a wicker bridge. We had to scramble up a slippery rock and slide down again before we reached the bridge, and to repeat the same process after having passed it. The natives invariably erect their bridges over a torrent, where a fall would insure destruction; for this reason, that they can only in such parts get sufficient clear space from side to side. It behoves the traveller to have steady nerves who crosses these torrents, almost "by the unsteadfast footing of a spear," for the bridges are sometimes scarcely much better.

We have snow to day before and behind us; that before is perpetual, the other will melt, but is now very thick. We frequently pass, in our daily journeys, torrents of water rushing through clefts in the rocks or mountains in great force to feed the Jumna. At Khonsala the thermometer fell thirteen degrees below the temperature of the air in the bed of the river, from 64° to 51°.

We are encamped to day on the banks of the river, and below a village called Bunassa. The river spreads a great deal in this spot, and is not therefore so rapid. The scenery around is of the wildest description. A sort of basin is formed between two mountains, about a hundred yards behind my tent, and from a cleft in one of them, from a height of eighty feet, falls a tremendous body of water without any thing to break it; the river which it forms runs with great rapidity into the Jumna. Thousands of pigeons build their nests in the rocks around.

This is the most magnificent spot imaginable: were it placed in any kingdom of Europe what crowds would flock to see it! From the base of the opposite mountain flows a stream of hot water which mixes with the little river; the quantity is small, but the heat of it is very great; I could not keep my hand in it a moment. It has nothing particular in the taste, but I observe that it has discoloured the stones, changing them from white to a deep yellow. The Hindoos worship in this spot; and certainly to keep the hand or foot any time immersed in it,

would be a very satisfactory trial of fortitude and faith. The thermometer stood at 144° when placed in the nearest part of the hot-spring to its issue from the rock.

As unicorns have been supposed, if they really do exist, to have their habitations among these hills, either on the Indian side or on the opposite one, we could not be indifferent to the circumstance, nor cold about the possibility of gaining a peep at such an extraordinary phenomenon. Whenever we found intelligent people we questioned them minutely upon the probability of such a piece of good fortune, but nothing satisfactory were we able to elicit from our inquiries. At length, at this place we met a villager whose replies to our cross-examination gave so much hopes, that we felt quite elated at the prospect of beholding the long-looked-for animal. "A big beast," said he, "quite mad with wickedness, comes very often at night out of the woods, and rushing into the fields, tears up the grain, and roars in such a manner, that he makes us all tremble." "Has he horns?" we both exclaimed, "A tremendous one!" was the reply. "One,

only?" "Only one," continued the man, quite delighted with the interest we seemed to take in his narrative, "and that, O! a terrible one;" stretching out his arms to show the length of it. He is sure to come into such a field before midnight. We resolved to watch for him, and engaged our informant to keep us company.

It was a fine rainy night, and the wind was howling through the woods in a manner fearful enough to have tempted the heroine of a romance abroad. Before nine o'clock we were at our posts, and planting ourselves beneath an overhanging crag of great height and wildness, within sight of the destined arena, and within sound of a mighty cataract, we sat with our guns by our sides, and a couple of flasks to fortify us against the cold and the rain, like bandits waiting for their prey. It was just light enough to give double size to every object, and the waving of the trees never failed to make us startle, while the crackling of the branches that yielded to the storm, threw us into the most feverish excitement. "How shall we secure the animal? or if we kill him, how get him stuffed

and bear his bones to England?" were the questions we continually asked each other; then, like the milk-maid in the fable, revelled in the fields of fancy, till quite lost in speculation upon the advantages that would attend so glorious a discovery.

Midnight at length arrived, and our patience was not exhausted: still the wind and the rain continued. At length, just a little before daylight, we heard a heavy racing above us; for the rock beneath which we were sitting projected from an abutment, as it were, to a wide terrace. We rose in agony almost, from expectation; and stood ready to confront the monster, that through our endeavours was no longer to live in fable alone! It was pitch dark, and blowing a hurricane; the underwood above us was crackling before the pressure of some large animal, which evidently approached us. With our eyes rivetted upon the brow of the crag we had been sitting under, we stood, with cocked guns and beating hearts, when—"Ho!"—a loud cry from our native companion—"there he goes!" was followed by a

heavy sound, as of the spring of a horse—and there he went, most assuredly, without even giving us the gratification that the traveller received from the disappearance of the "Stout Gentleman," after having, like him, passed a night of restless curiosity. The Hill-man had seen little more than ourselves, and could not say whether it was the very beast we were in wait for, or some other less formidable and less desirable. I have no doubt myself that it was one of the large elks, (the mohr of these mountains,) of which we had already seen several: they are magnificent creatures, and so big, that they appear, when rushing across your path, fully as terrible as an unicorn itself could—very timid, however, like other wild deer, they turn round and gaze on you, in fear and trembling, the moment they have passed. It seemed too wanton to shoot so beautiful an animal; so, although we had many opportunities, we preferred admiring them from a little distance, to gaining a nearer examination at the expense of their lives.

Such gigantic inhabitants are proper to so tre-

mendous a region; and it is difficult to describe the grand effect of meeting with them in the glorious woods they inhabit.

Not over well-pleased with our night's entertainment, we returned, wet and fatigued, to our tents; and, I think, a little ashamed at some cockney simplicity that may be detected in our adventure, if it deserve that name. The mountaineer who had been the cause and partaker of it, was very well pleased with a small reward for his assistance; and, although marvelling much at the whim of our proceedings, as I guessed from the manner in which he related it to his brother-villagers, would have had no objection to share in such nocturnal amusement very frequently. His companions were assembled round him, near our tent, and every now and then, in the midst of his narration, looked up to us with unfeigned astonishment. "What does it all mean?" was written plainly in every eye; and we gained much, in their estimation, by the mystery in which our doings were wrapped.

CHAPTER IX.

Cursali—Mr. Frazer and the Brahmin—Pilgrimage to Jumnoutri—Goître—Departure for Gungoutri—Finger-posts—Dogs—Hall of the Seasons—Mountain road-makers—Their Cattle—Their Religion—Magnificent View from the summit of a Mountain—Stinging Insects—Natives smoking.

MAY 26th.—We are now at Cursali, the first human habitation past which the Jumna flows. It is situated in a delightful and extensive valley, and our camp is pitched among apricot trees. Yesterday, at Banassa, it rained almost all day long, and we found it the coldest place we had been in. By day the thermometer varied from 56° to 60°, and at night it fell below 50°. With such a climate, we had an agreeable walk to this "Ultima Thule:" here we are more confined, and it is considerably warmer. The vale is sur-

rounded by mountains covered with snow. Bunderpuch and Dootie, where the Jumna rises, bound it on the north; and on the south, east, and west, are peaks of snow. I write this by moonlight, on the brightest and most lovely night poet could imagine. If I were to attempt to paint the scene, I should run the risk of soon being lost in "King Cambyses' vein." Let any one imagine the most beautiful garden in his recollection, and surround it, in his fancy, with every variety of hill, covered with every variety of tree; encircle the whole with the highest and whitest of the Alps; and let a river, bounding over rocks, run through it: let him choose the night of a full moon, and go and sit in the midst of this garden—alone—not a sound but the roaring of the water—no sight but heaven above, and the small space which he only seems to inhabit—the snow that encompasses it polished like pearl in the moonbeams—then, if he arise and give no better description of it than I have ventured to do, he will, perhaps, like me, pronounce it indescribable.

To-morrow we ascend to Jumnoutri, and I

have had a long conference upon the subject with the Brahmin of the place: he is a handsome, intelligent man, and has been many years in the habit of attending the Sahib Logue in their ascent. He bears a number of coins, and other gifts, tied round his neck, that were presented to him by the several travellers. Some have names inscribed upon them; and the names of the donors of the others are impressed on his memory and his heart, particularly that of "Furruzzun Sahib:"—this does not look very like an English name; but it is, and means to imply every thing that in their estimation merits admiration and respect; for I never heard the name of Frazer mentioned—and every one who remembers him speaks of him—without them. Mr. Frazer gave this Brahmin an eighteenpenny-piece, to hang round his neck, which he never is without, and shows it with greater pride than all the rest; valuing it additionally because it has a picture of "Furruzzun Sahib's" king.

We have seen, on the hills around this valley, several beautiful pheasants, (the moonal,) and during the afternoon made many attempts to

shoot some, one of which nearly placed me *hors de combat.* I had started a bird from some distance; and as it flew heavily, I thought I should intercept it, by posting myself on a projecting crag. With great difficulty I gained the position; and resting my foot on the stump of a tree, stood ready for a shot. The pheasant, as I guessed, alighted above me; and, on turning round, my rest gave way, and down I rolled, dragging the man who attended me in my fall. The bird, astonished, as well he might have been, ran to the point of the crag, to ascertain what, "of all the birds in the air," could have made so sudden an apparition. It was a fatal curiosity; for the gun went off, and depositing some grains of shot in the Hill-man's leg, who was rolling after me, sealed the doom of the poor pheasant. It was a lucky accident, too, for me; for the man, who was close above me at the time, had just contrived to stop himself; and, catching suddenly at the muzzle of the gun, on feeling the shot, stayed me also in my course. He was not much hurt; and, on bearing the prize into the camp, in relating the story, seemed to forget his

accident entirely, and, I doubt not, gave me a first-rate character for a "flying shot."

I soon discovered that our fare would be precarious indeed, if we trusted to pheasants and partridges;—we had met with two descriptions of both—the moonal and the horned pheasant, as well as the black and red-legged partridge;—so, in despair, attacked the harmless pigeons that cooed about the trees under which we were: it was too much like the caricatures of West India planter shooting; but we were not displeased at being able to transfer many of them to pies, such commodities becoming highly necessary. "Nothing for dinner to-day, sir," was the frequent commencement of my *maitre d'hotel's* application for advice upon his culinary proceedings. "Follow me!" was the well-known answer; and in very little more than an hour, the pigeons, then fluttering about the cliffs, were brought roasted to my table.

May 27th.—About seven o'clock this morning we commenced our pilgrimage to the source of the Jumna, which lies nearly north from Cursala. We were followed by every male in the

village, with many Faquirs, who had arrived in time to take advantage of the Brahmin's attendance upon us. Our own train of sixty or seventy, joined to the number, made no inconsiderable addition. Behold us, then, setting forth, the Brahmin in front, and the coolies, for the first time without their loads, "right glad to miss" the lumbering of the tents, playing like children behind us. Curiosity and devotion seemed to form the inducements of the party—which predominated I will not say; they both had an opportunity of being amply gratified. Our road, if I may so call it, was indeed a proper climax to our performances hitherto: we crossed the river nearly a dozen times, so great were its windings, sometimes by wading through it—and bitterly cold it was—and occasionally by trunks of trees with flat stones laid upon them serving for bridges.

Our first scramble was up a "hill perpendicular," which was not long in presenting itself to our notice. A great part of it was effected upon hands and knees, and by taking advantage of steps formed by the accidental protrusion

through the earth of the roots of trees and the sharp points of stones. On reaching its summit we found it was deemed the outer barrier to the sacred spot, and a small altar was erected upon it. It was indifferently arranged of loose stone, and a few miserably carved gods were deposited within it, to whom each Hindoo made his obeisance. We were glad of the opportunity of gaining breath that an even space around afforded; and so exhausted was every one with the scramble, that half an hour had elapsed before the heavy panting of the party subsided. The Faquirs plucked the flowers from the surrounding rhododendron, and laying them with a salaam upon the altar, prepared to set forth once more.

We descended the other side of this hill by similar steps to those we had ascended by; and, when about thirty feet from the bed of the river, we found a novel bath in the trunk of a tree with notches in it. It was most advantageously situated for a shower-bath, being immediately under a waterfall, which poured in cooling streams upon us. We climbed up rocks

by the same ingenious contrivances, over which we had much difficulty in walking, and similar plans brought us, to the bottom of them again. In many parts the snow was very thick; and, stretching across the river, formed marble arches for it to flow under. By these beautiful bridges we frequently passed, and found no little amusement in the sliding and tumbling they gave rise to. The astonishment of my Bengal servants, who had never seen snow but on the high peaks many thousand feet above them, was beyond all description when they first placed their feet upon it.

The channel of the river is the grandest possible, but from its being so narrow, and the mountains that form it so high, we could see but little of the snowy range. An occasional peep of Dootie to the south, a little of Bunderpuch, whence the Jumna flows, was all of that tremendous line that we were able to obtain sight of. Many streams fall from the hills around, and one in particular, from a peak on the left bank, called Dummer Kunter, runs over the face of a nearly perpendicular rock, from a height of full two hundred feet.

At length we reached the summit of our labours; we had tracked the river to its covert, and lost all further trace of it, as well as power of proceeding, by the snow that choked the way. Here then we at last stood, on the threshold of eternal snow! We had come unto "that bourne whence no traveller returns;" where nature has written for ever with a death-cold hand, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further!" It is not often that man has an opportunity of reaching the very verge of human power, and on such an event I hope I may be pardoned for displaying some exultation. The consciousness of having endured a little to accomplish it may heighten the feeling; and although I have to boast, that in common with several, I must feel proud, as I have no doubt they did, at having gained the source of the Jumna.

The first and greatest object of curiosity, both to the pilgrim and the traveller, is the hot-spring. It rushes through an aperture in the rock of about four inches in circumference, with very great force and heat. In the vent the thermometer stood at 180°: about a foot further,

and where the water bubbled from the ground, and was a little more exposed to the air, the temperature was 160°. There is a constant smoke rising to a considerable height. So wonderful a phenomenon as boiling water on the edge of perpetual snow, was very likely to attract the devotion of the Hindoos. They dip their hands in it, and perform the necessary prayers and evolutions about it, and make offerings of money, the perquisite of the Brahmin, if they can afford it. I propitiated the divinity of the spring in the most orthodox manner, and had soon an opportunity of seeing it transferred to the custody of the high priest.

Close to the bed of the Jumna, and a few feet from where it first appears from beneath the snow, another small stream of hot water issues from the rock, and, mixing with the river, makes a delightful tepid bath, in which the devout never fail to indulge. During their ablutions the officiating Brahmin mutters prayers for their salvation, and congratulations for their having reached so holy a spot. I joined in the bathing, and and was included in the prayer.

The water was exceedingly cold, for I first jumped into the river itself; it was about four feet deep, and running with the utmost rapidity. I thought I had been divided in two when I made my first plunge, and was not long in hastening to the warm-bath. So great an advantage as this happy mixture, is attributed, like the miracle of the well near Nanguan, to the efficacy of the piety of some saint, and I verily believe the same one for whom the Ganges took so eccentric a course. He was very zealous in performing his ablutions in all the most sacred rivers and fountains among the hills, and had frequently to complain of their intense cold as he had of the height of Cunda, when the Bhagirathi rose at its base to indulge him. The presiding deity of one part of these icy waters, in consideration of his infirmities, and in reward of his faith, gave him the power of causing a hot-spring to flow from whatever rock he happened to lean against, when about to perform his holy rites. Although he seems to have used the gift sparingly, he has exercised it judiciously, for it is a singular feature in

these phenomena, that where they do occur, they are hottest in the coldest and most elevated situations. Thus between the springs of Banassa and Jumnoutri there is a difference in the temperature of 40 degrees; the former being considerably lower in its position as well as in its warmth. I tasted the water, but could discern no particular flavour in it; and I regret very much that a bottle I was having carried up for the purpose of bringing some away, suffered in the scrambling journey, and I am consequently prevented from submitting it to be analyzed; though, in so doing, I should do nothing more than what I believe has been already done. In the bed of the river the mercury sank to 37°; in the air, and placed against a rock exposed to the sun, it stood at 62°.

It was some time before all the party were prepared to descend from these devout regions, to undergo the fatigue of a return, which, alas! proved much more severe than the ascent; the perpetual sliding down the snowy bridges we had before crawled up, with every other difficulty reversed, by no means made more simple by the

repetition; and indeed, what can be rendered easier by reading it backwards, proved that it is necessary for a traveller to these mysterious spots to be as perfectly master of equilibrium as a rope-dancer, to be able to poize himself with skill on the point of a stone on one foot, while the other must be ready to spring to the root of a tree, round the trunk of which he must cling like a monkey, lest an unfortunate tremour should plunge him headlong into some yawning gulf. He should be endowed with the activity of a kangaroo and the adhesion of a lizard; occasionally tripping over frail and tottering bridges with the lightness of Camilla, and then steadying himself upon his staff with the weight of Hercules!

In these regions every thing that is imposing and magnificent is united with the simplest objects; while we gaze with wonder at the stupendous crags around, we roam over beds of pale blue violets; and strawberries in blossom, thick as daisies on an English meadow, cover every spot of grass we meet with.

It was evening before we reached Cursali

again, and we are lucky in having as lovely a night as the last. During the past three or four days I have observed the swelling of the throat, (the goître,) so common to all elevated positions, very general in the higher part of these hills. I do not think I have seen a man or woman without some little of it since I left Khonsala, and in many it is much larger than I ever remember observing it in the Alps. I do not know whether the possessors of it consider it a beauty, but the women decorate themselves with as great a variety of necklaces as in any other part of the East, and seem at any rate perfectly unconscious of any striking defect. They attribute it to drinking the snow-water, and it is strange that it should only be found in places where such water alone can be obtained, and that children never exhibit the slightest appearance of it. Of snow the people are so fond, that they loaded themselves, on returning from Jumnoutri, with large masses of it, for the purpose of eating; and, in winding down the steep paths, the leading men could hardly keep their followers from pil-

fering, although likewise loaded—they seemed to have quite a childish fondness for it.

From whatever cause the goître may arise, it is a pity that the inhabitants of Cursali should have such an addition to their ugliness; they want not that, for they are the plainest as well as dirtiest, that we have met with. I must not include my Brahmin guide in this condemnation, for he is a grand exception. I have added to his string of medals, by flattening a bullet and scratching my name upon it; and as it is his greatest pride to accumulate these remembrancers, it already hangs round his neck.

May 28th, 29th.—The morning after our descent from Jumnoutri, we returned to Banassa, to commence a new route across the intervening mountains, to the more celebrated source of the Ganges. I meditated, when I began my interesting tour, to pass from the Jumna to the shores of the Sutlege, traversing the valleys of the Pauber and the Tonse; then crossing the snowy pass of Burunda into Kunawar, continue my track till the jealousy of the guardians of the celestial

empire should turn me back from the confines of Chinese Tartary. I wavered between two equally attractive points: Gungoutri, with the probability of being able to reach Kedar Nath and Badri Nath—the scenes of the saddest of all the fatal delusions which lead their victims, with a nobleness worthy a better cause, to perish miserably—weighed with me, from the gratification I had just enjoyed in viewing the source of the minor river, and I determined to visit it. The season being yet early, and the snow still lying in great depth upon the higher ridges, I was obliged to forego the difficult passage of the range nearest the mighty barrier of everlasting snow.

The rumour of my intention to attempt it caused a mutiny in my camp that threatened to leave me to pursue my way with my knapsack on my back; a general "strike" was declared on the moment I had fixed for departure. It was some time before I could persuade my mutineers to follow me even to the next highest range; they brought me pitiful tales of avalanches, and torrents that had burst their bounds,

and villagers to corroborate them. Threats were in vain; and I endeavoured to win them by promises, that whenever they could find a goat to sell, I would give it them, provided they did not leave me in the lurch; and I set out at last under the uncomfortable apprehension of finding myself deserted in my utmost need—left perhaps to build a hut of snow on the summit of some barren hill, while all my worldly wealth was left at the bottom, to the mercy of an unruly river. I do not know that this little dilemma would have heightened my admiration of the sublime and beautiful about me; for although, like other knights errant, I have no objection to adventures, I should prefer to meet with them like the heroes of story books, who are generally made happy in the last chapter. Meritorious as a death among snow is to the Hindoo, it held forth but a dreary prospect to me.

I did not lament, therefore, abandoning the most difficult way; for although among these mountains it is impossible to travel but a short distance and find "all barren," I did not anticipate much from that desolate region; even if

qualified, I am not prepared to make scientific researches or observations; as I seek to report only the external appearance, and leave the depths to others to fathom, I am not much to blame for choosing the least of two evils.

The "bis-ka-huwa," or poisonous wind, I found gave the greatest alarm to the natives of all they dreaded to meet on the highest ridge; it blows, they imagine, over noxious plants, and carries certain death along with it. The difficulty of respiration at so great a height is, I fancy, the secret of the poisonous wind; and I remember Mr. Fraser gives some account of its effect upon his followers on that very ridge.

At Banassa we again were deluged with rain, for it fell on our first visit without mercy; and the natives declare it is almost constantly pouring. It seems to be precisely placed for every passing cloud to deposit its burthen in, at the bottom of a deep funnel formed by the surrounding peaks of high hills. The stories of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and "moving accidents by flood and field," which these people had collected in the village, gave me abundance of employ-

ment, and not a little entertainment; the reporters of these sad tales, who had evidently invented them for the purpose of gratifying the servants, were not very skilful in the arrangement; although persuaded to invent the lies, it must be said in their favour that they were too honest to maintain them. Whenever they were detected in any inconsistency, they laughed, and, shrugging their shoulders, said, perhaps it was not so bad as they represented—"Sahib" would doubtless know better. Although there was an air of irony in the delivery of this compliment to my sagacity, I was resolved to take the merit of it, and this morning we set forth upon our route to Suchi, the first point we proposed to make on the line to Gungoutri. We took a south-east direction, and crossing a high hill, descended *à l' ordinaire* to a stream on its opposite side. We found bridges in several places, and the river, for it deserves to be so called, rushes with tremendous din beneath them. I could not learn its name, for it is large enough to merit one. "Why give it a name?" quoth the guide, "we all know it comes from the mountains, and is

not that enough?" I remember a similar answer at Lakha Mundul from a villager, when I asked him the name of a high peak in the neighbourhood. "It has got no name that I know of," said he; "what is the use of giving a name to a place that one sees every day?" 'The spirit of inquiry' is certainly not yet abroad among these simple people; and if it serve to make them less civil or less honest, for more they cannot be, when it does arise among them, I fear it will not substitute better qualities in their stead.

From the bank of the river we soon reached a small village called Neechnee, beneath the snowy peak of Oonchul; here we were again deluged with rain, and the thermometer is at sixty-four degrees.

In the course of our walk from Banassa, we wound through a thick jungle, where there was great probability of some of the stragglers of the party mistaking the road; to guard against this, the guide cut the branch of a tree, and threw it as a barrier across the wrong road, where two occurred; and where the windings of the path seemed doubtful, he cut a notch on the side of a

tree that pointed in a proper direction. These simple finger-posts were perfectly understood, and although the path was extremely dark and intricate in many places, we arrived, without a stray sheep, in Neechnee.

I am again in an unfrequented tract, and excite an even greater share of observation than I did at Nonano.

Some years ago two white gentlemen crossed these hills, and the natives remember them like some bright exhalations in the evening, never to be seen more, as they thought; they were pleased to see the meteors once again in us. Our approach to a village is the signal for every description of clamour. The dogs, who, by the way, are more numerous than the people, immediately sally forth to defend the entrance, the mountains echoing to their yell. "Tie up your dogs," is the war-cry of my party, as every one waves his staff over his head. "Tie up your dogs," is responded by the older men of the village, when forth sally the young population, and after a brisk engagement with sticks and stones, send them howling to their kennels. The poor animals,

though large and fierce-looking, and certainly opposed to our invasion, do not evince much disposition to bite. However, a canine insurrection, like a human one, had better be crushed in its commencement. This "puny war" gives an éclat to our entrée, and calls the old and the young abroad to gaze upon us.

It is a glorious feeling to enter for the first time within the magic circle of immortal Rome, and forget the present in the restless dream of all that has gone! and I can conceive the "giddy whirl" of the stranger who makes his first plunge into London in the fashionable height of a day; but to be in the midst of a few remnants of the human race, where all around is as awful and magnificent as in the wildest romance, who never before saw a being like me, and who know not whence I come, but marvel at my simplest action —is to me the most indefinable sensation of all. I seem to be wandering on fairy ground; I expect to hear music in the air, and be wiled to some Prospero's cell. I can scarcely hope to meet a Miranda, and have "woods and wilds" and I know not what to encounter to-morrow, under

the guidance of a perfect Caliban, who has just bowed to me, and seems fully prepared to make me his god; he has beseeched, even on his knees, to follow me to Gungoutri.

May 31st.—Yesterday morning, about seven, we set out from Neechnee for the village of Nongong. The day before, the people of the village asked if they should prepare the road for us; as I was anxious to know what a few hours only could do over so high a hill, I desired that they might be despatched. The path, in the first instance, led up a deep forest of pine-trees, interspersed occasionally with walnuts and hazel. The withered leaves of the pines were so thickly strewed over the ground, that I might have fancied rushes had been spread to honour me. I could have willingly dispensed with the courtesy, for the road being nearly perpendicular, and as nothing is so slippery as the long loose leaves of the fir-trees, I know not how often I measured my length upon them. There was a fine tree, at one time in my struggle, about twenty feet above me, the roots of which ran across the track, and where I counted upon a momentary stay if I could but reach them,

every third step I took I slipped down five. With Sisyphus and his rock it was pastime, compared to my labour to gain this goal. I at one time fell upon my face, and in endeavouring to recover, rolled down thirty or forty-feet. I tried every possible method, sometimes the measured pace of a tragic hero, then "like a wounded snake dragged my slow length along." The Indian fanatics who crawl their pilgrimages, would not be such blockheads if they confined their experiments to the mountain penances, for that is certainly the safest plan. When at last I reached my tree, I looked above for another to conclude a new task at, and thus by short stages, and in a few hours, gained the height of the wood. We burst upon a beautiful lawn, perfectly level, and enamelled with every description of simple flower — daisies, cowslips, primroses, violets, and crocuses of every hue.

It was surrounded by a fence of pale rhododendron; in all other parts we had met this plant as a large tree—here it had dwindled to a shrub. Above was a line of rugged peaks capped with snow, which in many parts de-

scended to the borders of the meadow. Nature never appeared so frolicsome. This spot seemed to be the rendezvous of all seasons. There was winter in his coat of snow; summer reposing in a strawberry-bed, or smiling from the branches of an apricot-tree; spring couched in a "cowslip bell;" and of autumn we experienced enough in the fallen leaves, which, still to concentrate the various periods of the year, fell from the branches of the trees that stood among the snow.

As I looked round with a glass, I could discern, on one side of the mountains, fields of grain quite green, and but just above the earth; on the other it was harvest-home, and the partridges were busy in the stubble. I would have given any thing to have remained some days here, but there was no water, and I could not persuade my servants that the snow was equally good; they should die, they declared, if they touched it, and trembled at the bare idea. We could have made strawberry ice in a most delightful manner—collected the snow with one hand, and picked the fruit with the other. In vain did I represent its comforts, and its beauties

were quite lost upon them. I swallowed snow till I was as cold as ice, to convince them, but they were still inexorable.

The peak of Bunderpuch, towering above us like a rock of alabaster, was quite close—one ridge only intervening—the one I had abandoned, and the snow upon it seemed very deep indeed; the sky was clear and blue as Italy's, and not a speck appeared upon the snow-white mountain. I saw an eagle soaring above it. We had disturbed several, for we had towered to "their pride of place." They flew within shot, but I learnt from the "ancient mariner," how sad it is to kill the spirit of the place, and let them fly in peace. Many of the same species of pheasant that we had before met with, ran about the steepest parts of the hills, but we never could get near enough to fire at them. They possessed too much the "vantage of the ground."

To return for a moment to our road-makers—their labour consisted in throwing the trunk of a tree across a torrent, or a gap in the path, made perhaps by some large stone rolling from above—a constant occurrence—and dreadful is

the crash of trees below upon such an avalanche, and the thunder of its sound is beyond all belief. A pine had fallen in some places across the way, and many others were nodding to their fall. So large were the trunks of those that stopped the path, for age had overthrown them, that it was necessary to have one step at least cut on each side, to save the trouble of a scramble. This had been also done by the pioneers, whose ingenious contrivances are sometimes more difficult to overcome than the obstacles they are meant to remove. They had all assembled by a torrent about midway up, and hailed our approach with a cry of "Buxees! Buxees!" the first time I had ever heard such a shout in the mountains. "Buxees for making the road." "And what have you done to it?" I inquired. "Made it quite easy," replied a sturdy fellow, as if smiling at my exhausted appearance, for I sat panting on a stone scarcely able to bend my limbs under me; while another cried, "Look what a good step I've made," pointing to a small chip in a rock of about an inch deep. As I had just fallen from this identical

step, and dragged half of the wall I was attempting to escalade with me, and sat gathering breath to renew the attack upon my hands and knees, it looked a little too like a joke to make me particularly anxious to employ pioneers again, and I determined in future to take the road "in the rough."

These road-makers are a strange race of beings, and when they wish to get money, try every means but those that appear the simplest. They will watch all day to snare a pheasant for a few pence, but will not sell one of their own chickens, though abundance strut about. They refuse to dispose of a sheep or goat, when the pasture is scarcely sufficient for them; but toil all night to catch an antelope or young elk. I have had several of the latter brought to me since I have been in the hills, but have not been able to keep them alive more than a few days. I was anxious to deceive my goats into adopting them, but without success; and spoon meat—for they were not old enough to lap—had no temptation for them. Their sheep, which are very numerous, are small, and generally have black heads. They

seldom kill them, for, throughout the year, in the higher parts, they wear woollen clothes, and keep them for the purpose of supplying them only. The goats, when age has rendered them unfit for other use, and, to our tastes, very unfit indeed for the last to which they are applied, afford the only flesh they care about eating. The cattle are esteemed fully as much as on the plains; and although they would consider it extremely sinful to slay a cow or a bull, I do not find that the poor animals benefit much by the scruples, for they are beaten most unmercifully upon all occasions.

I have often wondered at the inconsistency of people, (and it is much the case all over India) who hold the animal in the highest veneration, and beat it with the utmost inhumanity at the same time. If I were a cow, and could choose my lot, I should prefer the profane country of "Beef-eaters," to the one where I might be adored in precept, but in practice most cruelly treated. Although I do not anticipate much improvement to the cattle by a further intercourse with the plains, yet the people must be-

nefit materially; the greater communication likely to ensue from the late establishment in the hills, and the increasing taste for travelling among them, must eventually spread a degree of civilization throughout. At present they are sunk in a wretched state of degradation, and, save in the gift of speech, are little higher in the scale of humanity than the monkeys that infest their woods.

Their religion, if it can be so called, consists in listening to the muttering of one, whom they term a Brahmin, ragged and illiterate as themselves; in venerating streams and fountains, because they know not whence they spring; in deeming sacred any phenomenon of nature they cannot account for; in adoring a mountain because it looks like a buffalo; and in worshipping the cavity of a rock because they fancy it resembles a cow's mouth. Social ties, or affections, they can have no notion of. Their marriages are infamous, and a father offers his only child for sale. In dirtiness the men are only surpassed by the women. I have already described the dress of these remarkable specimens

of the softer sex, with their hair hanging in savage irregularity about their countenances. Although carrying water for the use of the house is one of their principal occupations, they are so chary of their labour that they take care never to consume a drop of it even on their own persons.

They have similar ideas of luxury to the peasants of more civilized nations: their work at an end, they bask in groups in the sun, playing with the tangles of each other's hair, and cautiously laying on one side the object of their search, when they have taken it. The ground about their villages is literally teeming with vermin; and their abodes present too filthy an exterior to tempt me to pass the threshold. The children are not quite so dirty as their elders, merely because they are not so old; but give great promise of rivalling them, for they grow in dirt as they advance in years. It is melancholy that such

"—— —A wilderness of sweets—
For Nature here wantoned as in her prime,
And played at will her virgin fancies,

Pouring forth more sweet, wild above rule or art,
Enormous bliss !"

should be so inhabited.

To return to my journey :—as I was obliged to quit my " Hall of the Seasons," I climbed up to the top of the high ridge above it, over which lay the track; and from its summit beheld one of the most magnificent scenes the sublimest imagination could conceive. I had passed over about a mile of snow, four or five feet deep; but hard enough to bear me, without much sinking; and was glad to have something to draw my thoughts from the fatigue, for such the natives even consider it; and many of the most devout have raised a species of altar, to commemorate the feat, consisting of a heap of stones, surrounding a high one placed upright in the middle. They fringe the crest of the mountain; and to each in succession, as they reached them, my guides made their salaams, and returned thanks to whatever divinity they were dedicated, for having assisted them to reach such a height.

Behind me, to the north-west, were the snows of Bunderpuch and Dootie, whence the Jumna

flows: thence, towards the east, rose the high peaks which mark the source of the holy river, the Ganges—the Rudru Himaleh, like a white cloud, in the horizon—Kedar Nath and Badri Nath, those mighty objects of Hindoo superstition, mixing with the skies; so far out-topping other heights that I had almost considered them illusory, I began to doubt, as I gazed on them, whether there was any interval between heaven and earth! When I remembered that I was standing, on the 30th of May, on a mountain covered with snow, not ten degrees from the tropics, and that the peaks I was looking at were higher above me than Mont Blanc from the plain, and Mount Ætna from the sea, I was breathless with astonishment.

"The Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenean, and the river Po," though they may excel in exquisite beauty, and the charm a consciousness of civilization casts over scenery, must yield, in grandeur and sublimity, to the "snowy Imaus," and the mysterious rivers which rise in them: scenes over which superstition has cast a halo, that invests them with something like a sacred

character, even in the eyes of those who are free from its influence.

Before me, towards the south, were less grand, but more varied prospects:—at the foot of the hill where I stood, but far below, stretched yellow fields in terraces, to the edge of a winding stream; as well as wooded ridges, and peaks, crowned with pines, their sides blooming with lilac and rhododendron. All around, far as the eye could reach—and that was far indeed—were mountains, interminable mountains, of every shape and every hue: the clefts on the edges of some were masses of snow, shining through the open trees: rough and rugged rocks, opposing their barrenness to gently-rising hills, as carefully and tastily planted, as if by the hand of art: dark, impenetrable forests, with torrents of water roaring through them; and little clusters of fruit trees, with birds of sweetest notes singing within them. The summit of Oonchal was, for a time, ecstacy. My descent to the village of Nongong was pure matter-of-fact indeed. It occupied about three hours: such slipping, sliding, and scrambling,

no mortal, that has not made the attempt, can form any idea of. We had to creep down by the uneven surface of the stony hill, for a long distance, where the ledges upon which we placed our feet were scarcely broad enough to admit them. Several times I was nearly falling a victim to love of the picturesque. If I looked round for a moment, which I could scarcely resist doing, I was soon restored to attention by rolling down ten or twenty feet.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon when we reached Nongong: we had been out from seven in the morning. My tent did not arrive till it was quite dark: and I had wandered to a mass of large stones, that I fancied bore some resemblance to an English churchyard, and upon one of them—

> "For exercise will snore upon the flint,
> While sloth finds the down pillow hard"—

I fell fast asleep. It was not till a hue and cry had been raised about me, that I was disturbed from my nap.

We are obliged to halt this day, as every body is tired with yesterday's journey. We have found our situation extremely hot; and the sudden change to so high a temperature—for the thermometer is 92°—is not the least of our calamities: the accompaniments of heat, innumerable flies, have kept me at war all day; and the renewal of a stinging torture has driven us nearly frantic. The insect, upon this occasion, is larger than a wasp: they fly about in hundreds, and add to the torment of the former small insects, by the constant apprehension of a bite; for we can see them approach too plainly, and find it impossible to guard against them.

In the course of our ascent, the guides and coolies stopped frequently to rest, and on each occasion established a smoking club, that for sociability far exceeds any that the good taste of the "picked men of countries" has been able to confer upon England. The natives are remarkably fond of tobacco, and always carry a well-supplied pouch, with a flint and steel. Their pipes are to be found on every hill: they make

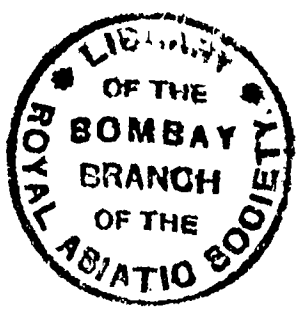
two holes in the earth with the thumb, connecting them below by passing the little finger through the interval; in one they stick a reed, and in the other the tobacco: the weed is soon kindled and a circle formed round it. Each man takes his turn in smoking and supplying the pipe, which is left standing when they have all been satisfied, for the next passengers to take advantage of, if they please. I became quite an adept in manufacturing pipes, and found the flavour of the earth rather an improvement even to Persian tobacco.

I have heard that men of high fashion are accustomed to smoke cigars through the streets of London, and in the park, at all hours of the day. Should such an elegant accomplishment continue in vogue, I will not presume to condemn it, but beg to suggest the above new and sociable mode in preference to it. Groupes may sit round their pipes in Kensington Gardens, or the park, and smoke and converse with all the decorum of a Turkish divan, without in the least annoying the fastidious, who affect to dislike so agreeable an odour.

I gained the reputation of a magician in one of our smoking societies, by drawing fire from the sky, as they termed it, to light my pipe. I made a burning-glass answer the purpose of a flint and steel, and the Genii of the Ring would not have been looked upon with greater veneration. I was forced, however, to endure these scenes a little too often, for if we paused but for a moment to gain breath, the pouch was drawn forth, and the knot formed around the broken reed. I could have wished that their ingenuity had devised a pipe more calculated for travellers, for this primitive arrangement is only suitable for loungers, and perfect idleness; it delayed us sadly, but it was a luxury no persuasion could induce them to forego; and the deliberate manner they set about its preparation, as if every thing on earth was subservient to it, added fuel to my impatience. Whenever I chafed at the loss of so much time, they remained, however, as immoveable as Turks. "*Qui vive sans tabac est indigne de vivre.*" Although they could not express it, their looks implied a most per-

fect belief in this glorious maxim, which I have always thought seemed written on the brow of every subject of the Sublime Porte, when his kaleeon was at his lips.

END OF VOL. I.



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